A DEBATE ON THE GREAT BOOKS PROGRAM

Saturday Review

of Literature

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(See John Collier's review of "Art of the Northwest Coast Indians" & "Indian Art of the Americas," page 9.)

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Christmas isn't like this everywhere

. . . but it is where you are known best

THERE ARE TWO HALLMARKS IN THIS PICTURE.

One, the tree, is the hallmark of a home where Christmas is well celebrated and lovingly remembered. The other, the bookshelves, is the hallmark of a home where the joy of reading is known.

Such a home as yours.

We say this with confidence, for if yours were not such a home you would not be reading the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

Such a home as your friends have. For, as a book reader, as one who follows the news and reviews of books, you naturally gather about you friends of similar mind and similar taste.

You will, we imagine, give books for Christmas because you know that books possess certain special qualities as gifts:

Because of the infinite variety of books, a gift of books can be hand-tailored to the particular interests of the recipient.

Because books do not grow old, they are a gift of constant newness.

Because the selection of a book is an act of judgment and good taste, the sending of one compliments not only the recipient but also the sender.

Because books, well printed, permanently and firmly bound, do not wear out, they are a gift of lasting value.

Anyone can give some casual article of clothing, some flippant bit of jewelry.
But you—because you know and love books and because your friends do, too—will
GIVE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

. . . in the interest of more reading and a merrier Christmas . . .

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December 9, 1950

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think," said Nicey, "that Christmas is the most magic time in all the year, not just for the pretty things you get, but for the feeling inside you of what a good place the world is to live in. I should know for I have seen one hundred and ten Christmases!" and we agree with her. This wise doll's philosophy comes from

The Dolls' Christmas
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TRADE Winds

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS — as though they didn't have troubles enough—have that new monster, Television, to contend with this holiday

season of 1950. TV is taking former bookworms' time, sapping their strength, dimming their eyes, and deadening their intellects. Optimists, however, are convinced that the TV honeymoon will be brief, and that readers with taste and discrimination will return gratefully to their old love—books—as soon as the insidious novelty of the coaxial cable begins to pall. Furthermore, these optimists are not merely twiddling their thumbs while they wait. They have put on display some very attractive holiday packages, to lure old customers—and jack up the unit of sales a trifle. A ten-dollar sale involves no more bookkeeping or overhead than a twenty-five-cent one. Some dealers consider the rash of cheap, paper-bound editions a greater menace than Milton Berle.

If you really want to wow your folks, then, with a Christmas gift of books this year, here are just a few of the goodies available to you:

• • For poetry lovers: Viking's new five-volume "Poets of the English Language," edited by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson. Compact, authoritative, and comprehensive. Priceless gems in a lovely new setting, and as up-to-date as the hydromatic drive. The set, $12.50. Another plum for poetry enthusiasts, and ready just in time for Christmas, is "Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg, 676 pages for $6.

• • For past, present, and future members of the armed forces: "Life's Picture History of World War II." A thousand pictures, carefully chosen and well reproduced, with footnotes by recognized authorities. Just the thing for a library table—but warn the recipient not to let it fall on his toes. $10 a copy.

• • For kids nine to fourteen: the first ten volumes of a new series called Landmark Books. Highlights of American history in prose and pictures exciting enough to compete with Buck Rogers and Superman. Titles include "The Landing of the Pilgrims," "Lee and Grant at Appomattox," "The Pony Express," "The First Transcontinental Railroad," and "The Wright Brothers and Their Airplane." The authors include Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Samuel Hopkins Adams, MacKinlay Kantor, and Quentin Reynolds. The set of 10 volumes, $15. (The volumes are also sold separately at $1.50.)

• • For readers who like a twinkle in their eye: Three new cartoon collections, which, gift-wrapped in a single package, will direct the feet of every recipient to the funny side of the street. Charles Addams's "Monster Rally" and the late Helen Hokinson's "The Ladies, God Bless 'Em" are simply wonderful, that's all, and Cobean's "Naked Eye," if a trifle re-

petitive, provides possibly the heartiest belly-laughs of all. The three: $8.65 (and if you care to slip in a copy of "Laughter Incorporated" at $1.50 additional cost, the writer of these words will sing an extra Christmas carol in your honor).

• • For devotees of the drama: John Chapman's invaluable "Best Plays of 1949-1950," the continuation of a project begun thirty-one years ago by the late Burns Mantle, and George Jean Nathan's equally welcome new "Theatre Book of the Year." The jacket of the latter contains a message from the late Bernard Shaw, dated August 2, reading, "Attaboy! I like your stuff," indicating that the old master was losing his punch and individuality months before he actually passed away. Mr. Nathan's recent conversion to the ranks of rabid baseball rooters has not affected his keen eye for what's right or wrong in the theatre. Shoddy writing affects him as unpleasantly and instantaneously as the intrusion upon his privacy of anybody from Hollywood. Plays already published separately include "The Lady's Not for Burning," "South Pacific," "The Happy Time," and "The Cocktail Party." Coming very soon are "Season in the Sun," "Bell, Book and Candle," and "Hilda Crane." . . . Dore Schary's "Case History of a Movie" and Hortense Powdermaker's "Hollywood, the Dream Factory" also rate

places on a comprehensive drama bookshelf, and an innovation is coming up with a printed version of Joe Mankiewicz's brilliant and sophisticated script "All About Eve."

• • Art collectors are deluging the booksellers with orders for the first three volumes (Van Gogh, Renoir, and El Greco) in that fine new series, The Library of Great Painters. Warning: editions are limited. Also particularly appropriate for holiday gifts are "Menaboni's Birds" ($10), "Art Treasures of the Vatican" ($7.50), and "The Index of American Design" ($15).

• • Four books that I personally recommend for holiday giving are John Mason Brown's "Still Seeing Things" ($3.75), Will Durant's "The Age of Faith" ($7.50), "The World's Greatest Christmas Stories" ($5), and "Boswell's London Journal" ($5).

This is the barest sampling of the attractive offerings publishers have devised to intrigue you this Christmas time. Turn off that TV set long enough to visit your deserving bookseller and sample his wares. They will bring a new light into your eyes. Don't delay until you have no eyes left. Remember what the rueful bridegroom told an inquiring reporter: "I never knew what happiness was until I got married—and then it was too late."

NAOMI BENDER SINKS is embarked on an interesting experiment. Every week she mails "Books on Parade," two pages of sprightly reviews, to hundreds of small-town editors—also some big ones who do not have a book section at the moment—with an appended note reading, "This service is offered for $2.00 a copy. No bills will be sent. If you use the column, please send $2.00." Naomi's blind faith in human nature, buttressed by years of association with upright editors, policemen, publishers, and the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, is paying off, and she is well on the way to millions.

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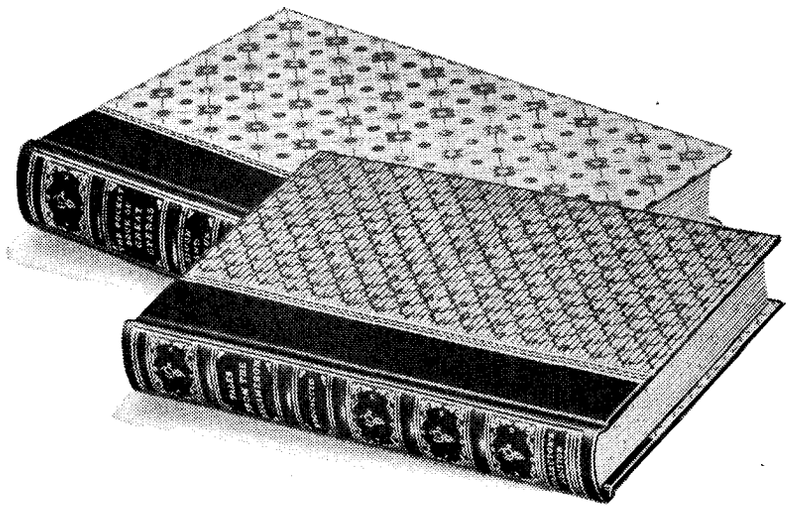
For a sample copy of "Books on Parade"—even if you aren't a small-town editor—write to 18416 Winslow Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. . . . A new magazine called *Book Previews*, making its bow from 11 East Forty-eighth Street, New York 17, aims to describe briefly each month the 900-odd books scheduled for publication in the ensuing five weeks. The titles are divided into fifty-five categories. In addition to the listings there will be a more comprehensive digest of one important book each month, and an article by an outstanding figure from Publishers' Row. Sterling North drew the nod for the get-away issue, a copy of which is yours for the asking. Suggestion to the editors: list titles in the various categories alphabetically. The first compilation is almost as hard to unravel as some of *SRL*'s Literary Crypts.

AT THE PREMIERE performance of "Guys and Dolls" a talented and attractive young lady named Isabel Bigley walloped across a rousing Frank Loesser song called "If I Were a Bell." Even while they were roaring approval, veteran theatregoers were recalling similar opening-night thrills: when George Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm" made a star of Ethel Merman in ten short minutes and Cole Porter's "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" accomplished a similar miracle for Mary Martin. Those are the kind of memories supposedly tough first nighters cherish in their hearts. . . . Miss Bigley is only one of the countless delights in "Guys and Dolls"; book, score, cast, and direction are just about perfect. . . . Has New York ever before played host simultaneously to three such fabulous musical hits as "South Pacific," "Call Me Madam," and "Guys and Dolls"? I doubt it. I asked one visiting fireman, "Who could ask for anything more?" He answered, "I could. A pair of seats down front for any one of them!"

THE SEHR HUEBSCH AWARD for the most God-awful pun of the year (a punch-line bowl) goes by default to Charlie Poore for his "Du Maurier is another day." . . . Maestro Huebsch himself is deeply intrigued by the announcement of the Beer-of-the-Month Club (101 West Thirty-first Street, New York 1) which undertakes to send its members cases of choice Bavarian and Copenhagen brews at regular intervals. Mr. Huebsch thinks the selecting jury should include Albert Maltz, Max Beerbohm, Catherine Drinker Bowen, the estate of Selma Lagerlöf, and Ian Ballantine. With the first case, of course, goes a complimentary set of "Remembrance of Things Pabst."

—BENNETT CERF.



"Can't be done," said the Skeptics

This is an advertisement which comes from the offices of Pocket Books. We've run very few of them, reason being that we've always preferred putting every extra value possible into our books.

But something has happened that simply must be described. Skeptics told us it couldn't be done. Telling people it can't be done is a favorite pastime for skeptics, and this time they appeared to be right, about *Collector's Editions.*

But we are getting a little ahead of ourselves. First, we'd like to say that Pocket Books has sold some 300,000,000 copies since we started producing good books for a quarter eleven years ago. Each one contained the little symbol you see at the head of these paragraphs. (It's a wallaby, not a kangaroo, and her name is Gertrude.) Most of the books were selected to appeal to the person who wanted excellent, inexpensive reading. Some were reprints of recent fine books. Some were excellent new titles. And a few were new editions of famous works which had survived the tests of time.

All the beauty, durability and good printing that can be packed into a book sold for twenty-five cents is in Pocket Books. But the skeptics mentioned above told us that there was no possibility of producing a really lovely bound book, one which would rival the most expensive of binding and printing jobs in appearance, *to sell for one dollar.*

We didn't agree. So four years ago we began tinkering, experimenting and researching. We called on as talented and ingenious a group of book artists, suppliers and manufacturers as existed. *Collector's Editions* are the result.

Collector's Editions are beautiful, and durable beyond the call of beauty. They are similar to the familiar Pocket Books only in that they are the same size. (Please pardon the following technicalities but we believe that they are exciting to any connoisseur of good books.) The overlapping spine is of a new, color fast material which is impervious to virtually anything. The morocco and skiver grainings come for the first twenty titles in red, black, green and calf. The backs and overlapping sides are stamped in 24 karat gold, in decorative panels which are separated by raised bands.

Each volume is hand rubbed at the bindery. Each has colored headbands and footbands, and the exposed edges are color sprinkled in the traditional manner.

And the price is one dollar. You will see why we scarcely believe it ourselves when you take a look at Collector's Editions, wherever books are sold. Examine them carefully and see if you don't agree that they are the most astonishing value you have ever seen in books. We are proud to be the publishers.

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1. No: Not Without Socrates

BEN RAY REDMAN

RESPECT for what once went by the homely name of book-learning is as old in our country as the first New England settlements; for those settlements were peopled, to an extent not generally realized, by men who had lived with books before crossing the Atlantic to live with savages. As Moses Coit Taylor has declared, when writing of the pioneer New Englanders:

> The proportion of learned men among them in those early days was extraordinary. It is probable that between the years 1630 and 1690 there were in New England as many graduates of Cambridge and Oxford as could be found in any population of similar size in the mother-country. . . . Probably no other community of pioneers ever so honored study, so reverenced the symbols and instruments of learning. Theirs was a social structure with its cornerstone resting on a book. Universal education seemed to them to be a universal necessity; and they promptly provided for it in all its grades. By the year 1649 every colony in New England, except Rhode Island, had made public instruction compulsory . . .

Once seized upon, the ideal of universal education was never relinquished, however imperfectly it was realized. From Benjamin Franklin to John Dewey only a few have dared to question that this doctrine of equal educational opportunity for all is one of the jewels of the democratic creed, one of the mainsprings of democratic action, one of the world's best hopes. Horace Mann, who dreamed of the whole land being "watered with the streams of knowledge," who rhapsodized: "It is not enough to have, here and there, a beautiful fountain playing in palace gardens; but it must come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth,"—Horace Mann is only one of a host of educators who have dedicated their lives to making the dream come true. And, in times and places when and where the dream has lacked substance, numberless Americans have strained toward the ideal by the light of their own flickering pine-knots or candles, or by the naked gas flame of cold-water flats. China may long have honored her scholars as the flower of her aristocracy, Russian intellectuals may have pawned their boots for books, generations of British and European students may have submitted themselves to strict instruction and rigorous examination, but in no other land than ours has the passion for self-improvement through education been so widely felt and so widely indulged.

Indeed, the passion has been so widespread that the manner of its satisfaction has at times been curious, while its fruits have often been such as our New England forebears would have difficulty in associating with the orchard of learning. This passion has produced not only our crowd of universities and colleges, great and small, good and bad; our enormous and vastly inefficient system of secondary education; our autumnal myriads of degrees that are only too often as meaningless as autumn leaves; our night schools, summer schools, and correspondence courses—it has also made possible books beyond counting that are guaranteed to teach anyone everything about anything in almost no time at all and with no trouble whatever; it has produced the best and worst of Chautauqua; it has made the United States the happy hunting ground of lecturers, once preferably British, on every subject under heaven; it has inspired a thousand reading and discussion clubs in a thousand Gopher Prairies; and it has burned as a hard, gemlike flame in the ample breasts of the models for Helen Hokinson's matchless matrons.

Much of the energy of this passion has spent itself in the channels of adult education, which has a long and honorable history in our country and may claim Franklin as one of its founding fathers. A very large percentage of this education has, of course, been in the nature of practical instruction, given and taken with a view to the student's advancement in

—James Abresch. *—Halsman.*

John Erskine, Mortimer J. Adler, Robert M. Hutchins—books "picked to pieces, chewed, and digested."

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some professional, technical, or business field. The pursuit of the kind of knowledge that can show no immediate profit in terms of cash or worldly success has been left largely to ladies of some leisure, and it is to be feared that these ladies have all too often been very much adrift, trying to steer by half-known stars, and far from sure of their compass readings. Recently, however, these brave adventurers after knowledge—along with their fellow Americans in all walks of life—have been given the chance to place themselves under the direction of an organization composed of experienced pilots, to exert their intellectual energies in accordance with a carefully prepared, comprehensive educational program.

THIS organization is the Great Books Foundation, established in July 1947, the announced objective of which—under the chairmanship of Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, assisted by an impressive corps of officers and directors—is nothing less than "to provide the means of genuine liberal education for all adults." This is, indeed, an ambitious project, but it has already got off to an excellent start, for within three years it has brought into being more than 1,200 study groups, including more than 25,000 persons, in more than 400 towns and cities of the United States and Canada. There can be no doubt that the Great Books Foundation is a highly interesting educational experiment, a growing cultural force. It merits the attention and careful examination of all thoughful persons; and the purpose of this article is to furnish material for such an examination. However, we cannot begin to understand the Foundation unless we know something of its origins and the ideas that lie behind it. So let us put first things first.

The Socratic method of teaching and learning by discussion is, of course, at least as old as Socrates. But, for our purposes, we need trace the origins of the Great Books program no farther back than the end of the First World War, when John Erskine found himself confronted with the task of teaching soldier students at the University of Beaune, and at the same time was given a golden chance to try out a cherished theory of his—

(*Continued on page* 32)

2. *Yes: Bootstraps of Free Men*

RAYMOND H. WITTCOFF

WOULD Mr. Redman like some evidence?

The Great Books Program is beginning its fourth year in our city under the sponsorship of the Adult Education Council, the St. Louis Public Library, the St. Louis Public Schools, St. Louis University, and Washington University. The Great Books Foundation cooperated with these local institutions in introducing the program to the community. More than 3,000 St. Louisans from all walks of life have participated in Great Books groups. In the light of this experience we wholeheartedly affirm what Mr. Redman halfheartedly denies: Average men do have the natural ability and the time to read and discuss profitably the great books. The problem is to inspire them to use their time to develop their highest abilities. This is the mission of the Great Books Foundation (a non-profit corporation which has impoverished itself in its effort to enrich the country).

We meet in small groups one evening every other week. We meet all over the city in libraries and schools, churches and social centers, around the board of aldermen's table in a suburban city hall, and around the board of directors' table in a bank. At these meetings we are doing what free men are supposed to do; we are deliberating about vital human questions. We bring into each discussion the greatest teachers that the human race has produced. This is done by basing each discussion on reading which all of us do in the books which the greatest teachers have written. Two of our members sit at the head of the table and ask questions which are related to the fundamental issues raised by the book. By firing provocative questions at the group the leaders ignite thoughtful discussion. By challenging the answers to their questions they fan the flames of thought. They do not pour water on the fire by imposing their own opinions; the members have to think for themselves. The books are the teachers.

Mr. Redman recognizes that the Foundation has made an "excellent start" and that it is "a growing cultural force. It merits the attention and careful examination of all thoughtful persons. . . ." He notes briefly the Foundation's stated objective: "To provide the means of genuine liberal education for all adults." He doubts whether the group members aim to gain what the Foundation aims to give, and then he devotes the balance of his article to an effort to show that the scheme is unworkable. A thoughtful person making a careful examination might consider what a genuine liberal education is before judging the workability of a program which aims to make it available for all adults. And if he should conclude that it cannot be provided for all adults, he must contemplate the consequences for a free society.

What is a genuine liberal education? Its aim is to make us better men and better citizens. It is the process through which we cultivate our specifically human powers and civilize ourselves.

The power to think is the specifically human power. As we strive to master the liberal arts of reading and writing, listening and speaking, we are disciplining our power to think. But the fact that we can think clearly is no guarantee that we shall live well. A genuine liberal education should afford us rigorous exercise in the liberal arts that relate to thinking; it should also give us something to think about. For we need principles and ideas with which to solve the problems that beset us, and to select more wisely what values to pursue.

Since the good man is the good citi-

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zen, we may assume that the same education which enriches our individual lives inspires and equips us to be builders of the good society. The liberal arts provide the skills with which we communicate with each other, but the communicative skills are not enough. If we do not share a common stock of ideas, we cannot communicate successfully. And if its members are not capable of successful communication, the community ceases to exist. As John Dewey has put it: "Society not only continues to exist *by* transmission, *by* communication, but it may fairly be said to exist *in* transmission, *in* communication. There is more than a verbal tie between the words *common*, *community*, and *communication*." The free community will stand or fall according to the ability of its members to communicate skilfully on the basis of some first principles they hold in common. This rule holds regardless of how grand or limited is the scale of the community which we conceive. It applies inside the family as well as the factory, the political party and the church, our own city and the whole world. If the members cannot communicate constructively about their differences, they will split apart or resort to the ultimate ratio of force.

In the long pull over several thousand years the human race has had enough experience to produce the principles which we need to live happy lives and to build a good society. There have been men of wisdom and genius who have reflected on the experience of the ages and have come up with some great ideas. These ideas when taken together form our civilization. A civilization is a working system of ideas. Liberal education is a civilizing force because, in addition to imparting certain skills, it transmits to us the tradition in which we live. It provides the traditional liberal principles in the light of which men can unite in wise deliberation about the issues which divide them. It is the education which all men ought to have who have a voice in the ruling of a community.

ARISTOTLE supported the ancient arrangements which denied to most men a voice in the ruling of the community. He thought that some men were slaves by nature because they were not endowed with what he termed the "deliberative faculty." Centuries later Jefferson insisted that all men are created equal; he recognized that all men possessed the deliberative faculty even though many of them did not seem to be using it. So he proposed universal education as a necessary corollary of political democracy. Toynbee, reflecting on modern democracy's record, shows that the democratic faith was based largely on the promise of universal education. But he points to three stumbling blocks which have been cast in its way: education has been divorced from its traditional cultural background; it has been dominated by a utilitarian spirit which has made it an instrument of worldly ambition and frivolous amusement; and, finally, according to Toynbee, it has produced semi-educated minds which can be easily enslaved by ingenious propagandists. He reminds us that the yellow press was invented shortly after the advent of universal education. Toynbee concludes: "If the people's souls are to be saved, the only way is to raise the standard of mass education to a degree at which its recipients will be immune from at least the grosser forms of exploitation and propaganda."

Chancellor Hutchins has sounded the challenge. "Since in a democracy all men are rulers, all men must have the education that rulers ought to have." The challenge is not met by the trade schools and lonely-hearts clubs whose praises Mr. Redman sings in his rhapsody about adult education in America. It is evident that a genuine liberal education must be made as extensive as the right to vote. There may be those who say that the Great Books Foundation's unprecedented effort to inspire masses of men to cultivate their deliberative faculty is no more hopeful and far less entertaining than attempts to make dogs talk. However, on the basis of the beginning we have seen in St. Louis we are filled with hope.

Mr. Redman raises some questions about the reading list. He implies that it merely represents the whims of the founders of the program who have handed it to the public *ex cathedra*. A survey of voters lists would reveal a surprising area of agreement as to which books are great. And we have heard no arguments about the reading selections from any of the diverse elements represented in our St. Louis groups. Mr. Redman argues for predominantly modern selections. Can he offer a list of contemporary writings which could match the wisdom of thirty centuries? One of the purposes served by a list which cuts across the centuries is that it provides the perspective from which to view some of the current aberrations of the human mind and spirit. After deploring the prominence given some of the ancients, he seems disturbed because each year's list ends with modern writers, such as Marx, Twain, James, and Freud. He wonders what they are doing in the company of the ancients. Isn't it the glory of the West that its tradition is made up of very mixed company? He argues for modern books because they deal with "important present problems." Aren't the important problems perennial? He objects to the natural-science selections because they do not report all the latest discoveries. We do not read Lavoisier and Harvey in order to master the facts of chemistry and physiology. These original works are read as classic examples of the scientific method of discovery. They convey the spirit of scientific inquiry far more effectively than a current textbook of facts.

Mr. Redman calls for more modern history. General Marshall has said: "I doubt seriously whether a man can think with full wisdom and deep conviction regarding certain of the basic international issues today who has not at least reviewed in his mind the period of the Peloponnesian War." We read in Thucydides's history of the Peloponnesian War about a power struggle between cities which was consummated in a fight to the death. Later we read in "The Federalist Papers" how our Founding Fathers, who have studied Thucydides, conceived a plan for ending the anarchy of American states in order to avoid the tragedy which was rooted in the anarchy of Greek cities. As we reflect on the anarchy of modern nations we recall a reason one man gave for his interest in the Great Books Program: "The trouble with our generation is that we haven't read the minutes of the last meetings."

Authors separated by centuries and continents deal with the same basic questions, for the nature of man and the universe does not change. They have created a great conversation in which we find the most eloquent arguments on every side of every great issue. Just as the great authors disagree among themselves, so do we. We do not expect to find pat answers to all the questions that are raised in our discussions. We do hope to clarify the questions.

Mr. Redman wonders why so many people are engaging in this activity. No vocational advantages or academic credits are conferred. In our discussions we make no pretense at scholarly mastery of the books, nor

(*Continued on page* 37)

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Art & Architecture.

In order to appreciate thoroughly an objet d'art *one cannot hope to divorce it from the cultural conditions which influenced its creation and creator. This is particularly true of the type of art treated in the new books reviewed below. The art of the American Indian was, as R. B. Inverarity's "The Art of the Northwest Coast Indians" and L. H. Appleton's "Indian Art of the Americas" make clear, "interwoven with the religious, social, and material sides of his life like the warp and weft of a tapestry." Similarly, if one is going to try to bridge the gap between the Colorado Cliff Dwellers and 1950 auto courts (as does Trent E. Sanford's "Architecture of the Old Southwest") or understand why the Midwest is dotted with Greek villas and Gothic cottages (Rexford Newcomb's "Architecture of the Old Northwest Territory"), one must know something of the civilizations that flowered in those sections.*

More Beautiful Than Totem Poles

ART OF THE NORTHWEST COAST INDIANS. By Robert Bruce Inverarity. Berkeley: University of California Press. 244 *pp.* $10.

INDIAN ART OF THE AMERICAS. By Le Roy H. Appleton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 246 *pp.* $15.

By John Collier

"HERE [on the Northwest Coast] were people whose lives, whose religion, whose art impulses were so intermingled that men, animals, gods, fact, and fancy were all parts of one great weaving. The Indian's art was interwoven with the religious, social, and material sides of his life like the warp and weft of a tapestry; remove one or the other and the structure falls apart. Where one thing ends and another begins is not discernible."

Because Mr. Inverarity's words can be transposed to the great majority of the many hundreds of Indian art-and-culture complexes of the Western Hemisphere, it follows that "Art of the Northwest Coast Indians" attempts the possible and succeeds, while Mr. Appleton's "Indian Art of the Americas" attempts the nearly impossible, and fails rather splendidly.

There is much that is incomparable in the Northwest Coast Indian culture-complex. These tribesmen lived amid an abundance which few other Indians ever experienced. Their economic motivation was competition in gift exchange. Their prestige system functioned through such cumulative gift-exchange as entailed enormous labor, individual and communal. They produced indefinitely beyond their consumptive capacity. Their "psychical exuberance" was immense and even fantastic. Within social systems which included slavery and value systems which emphasized individuality while holding it severely within institutional frameworks both very complex and very intimate, they produced a remarkable culture: ritual of an intensity which would seem to us today to be terrifying as well as strange; music with a genius quite their own; and a group of arts whose precision is extreme and whose temperament is deep-dyed. One feels certain that these arts will not be duplicated in any age to come. Supreme representatives of the "Dionysian" or emotional-intensity ethos of the Indian (as Ruth Benedict characterized them), they hugely realized that sector of the "arc of the human potential" which their culture claimed for them. They realized it within severe forms. They are now gone utterly, not as a blood-group but as an achievement of the social soul.

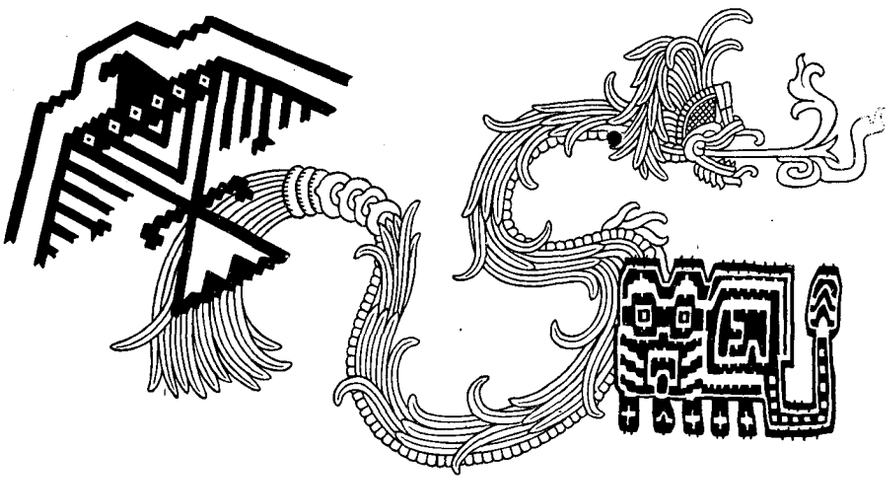
"Art of the Northwest Coast Indians" is a beautifully organized work. In his opening sixty pages, Mr. Inverarity describes the social-cultural system of the tribes in language non-technical but adequate. His prose is unstrained, relaxed, and leans to understatement. Such extreme "Dionysianisms" as those of the Kwakiutl Cannibal Dance Society, the outranking secret society of that famous tribe, are scarcely hinted at. As the Cannibal danced, trembling with revulsion before the flesh he was to eat, the Chorus sang:

Now I am about to eat.
My face is ghastly pale.
I am about to eat what was given me by the Cannibal at the North End of the World.

Indeed, the Northwest Coast tribes deliberately, within severely disciplined forms, hurled themselves out into strange dimensions of experience. Their art sometimes suggests this world into which we of today may not enter.

Following the introduction is a section of 280 reproductions, mainly of art objects. There is no crowding on these pages; instead, the explanatory texts are so balanced with the pictures that every page is a satisfying esthetic production. The extreme art achievements of the Northwest Coast were, of course, the carvings in wood, of which the totem poles are the most famous but hardly the most beautiful. The ocean-going canoes, sixty feet long, carved from the single bole of a great tree, and touched but never overloaded with symbolic painting, will appear to some as ultimate triumphs of an art craft supremely functional.

Le Roy H. Appleton, author of "Indian Art of the Americas," recognizes that nearly everywhere Indian art is a psycho-social process, to be appreciated fully only within the whole psycho-social flow of the given people. To facilitate such an appreciation, he supplies a text of his own and an anthology of historical



—From the title page of "Indian Art of the Americas."

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writings, folklore, and some poetry.

But the sectional groupings which he adopts, such as The Forest and the Rivers, Mountain and Mesa, etc., do not conform to cultural or societal areas, and the interdependence of art, culture, social form, and spiritual orientation is hardly made plain. Interspersed throughout the text, in three groupings, are seventy-nine color plates on ninety-nine large pages, with a total of more than seven hundred separate designs. Many of the designs are utterly glorious, although the color reproduction is of quite uneven quality. But the crowding of the designs, to as many as fourteen on a single page, violates all that museum display art has learned in recent years. There is no peace of mind in these congested pages. The investment of energy, labor, devotion, and publication cost in "Indian Art of The Americas" is enormous. Quantitatively the attempt to cover in one book the aboriginal art of this hemisphere and the thousand culture complexes of it has had partly to fail.

Both of these volumes have a relevancy, however unintended, to the practical situation of the Indians today, particularly in the United States. The Northwest Coast art is of a dead time. The Aztec and Toltec, Mayan, and Andean Indian art mainly is of a dead time. But Pueblo and Navajo art is of a living social age that wants to go on. And as anthropology is more and more deeply learning, the core values and personality structures do not perish at once when social systems perish; they outlast lifetimes and centuries at the covert level. They remain as esthetic and ideological potential, as dry seed remains through rainless years in deserts. None can say what may emerge as dynamic and production, once the right stimuli and social opportunity are perseveringly supplied.

The Indian spirit bloomed as a countless and diverse garden of formative beauty, through many thousand years until yesterday in time. Surely it can bloom once more; but not if white-man stereotypes of assimilation into our now panic-driven white world are imposed anew. In Alaska, in the United States, and in Latin America there are strong drives within governments toward reimpressing the white-man stereotypes on the surviving Indians who number some twenty millions. Books like these might inspire a more hopeful thought in the zealous, oversimplifying minds of missionaries and administrators.

John Collier, who was Commissioner of Indian Affairs from 1933-45, *is now professor of sociology and anthropology at the College of the City of New York.*

Before the Day Before Yesterday

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE SOUTHWEST. By Trent E. Sanford. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 312 *pp.* $5.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE OLD NORTHWEST TERRITORY. By Rexford Newcomb. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 176 *pp.* $20.

By Wayne Andrews

THOUGH almost any psychiatrist could tell us that John Ruskin was not quite sane and might deliver a long and not altogether illuminating lecture on his neuroses, the fact remains that no architectural critic since the beginning of time has succeeded in reaching a larger audience than Ruskin did; which suggests that it may not be unrewarding to ponder for a minute what he considered to be the heart of the matter. "The greatest glory of a building," Ruskin declared 101 years ago, "is not in its stones, or in its gold. Its glory is in its age." And he went on to insist that "it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and color, and preciousness of architecture."

So, even if many of us are positive that the internationally significant architecture of the Southwest, like that of the present Midwest (or old Northwest), dates from the day before yesterday, when the Green Brothers and Louis Sullivan pointed out the road down which Harwell Harris and Frank Lloyd Wright are traveling today, we might do worse than to take a new look at the structures that apparently satisfied every demand in the days before modern architecture was thought of.

Mr. Sanford has obviously intended to write what the scholars too often dismiss as just another popular book, and it would be not only unfair but even cruel to bear down on him for failing to provide footnotes; yet one can't help wondering why he forgot to list any of the books he digested while preparing his own. Bibliographies may be cumbersome, but a selected bibliography is just what a fascinated reader would like to find at the end of such a study as Mr. Sanford's. To omit all such references is for the author to confess he's afraid no one will be sufficiently interested in what he has said to delve further into the subject.

There is plenty to interest almost anyone in the vast panorama of the Southwest before the coming of the Anglo-Saxons, which makes one wonder why Mr. Sanford tackled the formidable problem, not of reconciling the Southwest of today with the old, but even of mentioning the Southwest of 1950. For, after all, even so brilliant an historical journalist as the late H. G. Wells would think twice before attempting to bridge the gap between the Cliff Builders of the Four Corners (in Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico) and the promoters behind the newest auto courts.

Mr. Sanford, who has written a most readable survey of architecture in Indian and Spanish days, can't be accused of telling us only about the monuments we know so well from the travelogues; if he doesn't skip the pueblo at Taos, the mission at Ranchos de Taos, or San Xavier del Bac, neither does he forget such curiosities as Governor Vallejo's Gothic cottage at Sonoma, which may well be a surprise to historians who supposed that the Gothic revival stopped at the east bank of the Mississippi. Unfortunately, few historians and few readers will be pleased with Mr. Sanford's summary of twentieth-century architecture in the Southwest; he finds fault with the Chicago World's Fair for fostering eclecticism, yet singles out Bertram Goodhue—of all twentieth - century architects on the West Coast—for special praise. If he had mentioned Irving Gill, who was at once a pioneer of modern architecture and an artist who occasionally listened to the Spanish echo in California, he would have been far more perceptive.

The only authority Mr. Sanford cites in his survey, and then only midway through a paragraph, is Dean Rexford Newcomb of the University of Illinois. A specialist in nearly every phase of American architecture and author of monographs on the Spanish missions and the romantic villas of Kentucky which no student can afford to overlook, Dean Newcomb has just published not only his best book to date, but what is probably the finest monograph in existence on any aspect of our architectural history, "The Architecture of the Old Northwest Territory."

Since the word monograph has un-

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happy connotations, a word or two of explanation may be necessary. This is no pedantic treatise but a labor of love, and the author isn't in the least concerned with impressing anyone with his learning. Aiming at presenting his information in as clear and concise a fashion as possible, he is so successful that he should reach a much larger audience than the scholarly world.

Readers who know next to nothing about architectural terms will find the book as fascinating as the experts will, for Dean Newcomb nails down such difficult topics as the origin of the balloon frame in no more than a paragraph; having said everything that's essential on that method of construction, and having thoughtfully cited his sources, he casually goes on his way.

But if Dean Newcomb's erudition is agreeable, even more pleasant is his discretion. Nowhere does he overpraise the buildings he's discussing, nor does he succumb to the temptation of preaching on the moral character of the pioneers of the territory.

Twenty dollars is a sizable sum for anyone to invest in a book these days, but those of us who are planning a trip through any part of the Middle West next summer would do well to lay out their itinerary with Newcomb at their elbow. Not all American architecture is located in Salem, or in Natchez either; in the Old Northwest, as Dean Newcomb points out, are dozens of handsome Grecian villas and Gothic cottages, and America would be infinitely poorer without the remains of the French settlements and the traces of the strange utopias of Indiana and Illinois.

The Stage and the Centuries

THE ART OF SCENIC DESIGN. By Lee Simonson. New York: Harper & Bros. 174 pp. $6.

By JANOS SCHOLZ

MR. SIMONSON gives us with this fine book something which the public has wanted for a long time—a work in English which deals with scenic design, its origin and development up to our time, written by a man whose distinguished career as a designer and vast experience as producer and teacher allow him to see all the problems, historical, architectural, technical, and artistic, through the eyes of a practical stage-man.

The two factors which impress one as novel are the comparisons made between similar sets throughout the centuries (an attempt, to my knowledge, made for the first time so thoroughly) and the emphasis thrown on the primary importance of the lighting of the sets in connection with their construction and painting. It is true that almost all books on stage design and staging (such as those of Freedley-Reeves and Graf and especially those of the Germans) deal with this latter problem; but the fact that the author on occasion goes back two or three hundred years proves extremely instructive and makes Mr. Simonson's book useful to professional and layman alike.

There are a few exceptions which I would like to take to points brought out in the historical part of the book: for instance, a trend of thought which seems to overlook the local and historical significance of the day as reflected in the audience, an aversion to "tradition," so whimsically described by von Bülow as "*Schlamperei.*" Where would we be today without this *Schlamperei* of the past? Where would our stage of today be if audiences and artists did not occasionally realize that in this tradition lies the real foundation of our progress?

It is true, no doubt, that if we could watch the performances of a hundred years ago we should derive little enjoyment because of technical shortcomings due to lack of efficiently working machinery and to bad lighting and flimsy materials. But we should not belittle the achievements of the past because we play, paint, construct, or rehearse better, perhaps, than our predecessors.

Mr. Simonson's point about the great achievements of the Meiningen players is well taken when he claims that only with thorough and systematic mental absorption of the script can be achieved a successful fusion of acting and stage-design resulting in a production which will "go over." However, I cannot help thinking that the producers of the past centuries must have taken the same care as ours of today, but the standards, the manner and method of work, no doubt, were different. On the other hand, the producers and artists who were the visionary spirits have always been the ones who looked for and achieved progress. I am sure that the interplay of actors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would seem rather infantile to audiences of today, but let us not forget that even Schlegel and Strindberg were brought up in a world far different from our own. Because both of them were visionary spirits they could feel so deeply the need of progress toward perfection which they express in their writings.

We should be grateful to Mr. Simonson for presenting a translation of the Appia-Tristan paragraph, undoubtedly one of the most significant bits of writing on the subject, for never before and never since has anyone given us such a clear and profound blueprint as that for the essence of staging. And I would like to add that Mr. Simonson's own advice and explanations are masterful. I only hope that he will give us at some future time a more elaborate work on the subject. It would not only be a valuable handbook for all of us who are interested in the theatre, but it would certainly crown his work as a writer.

Janos Scholz is the author of "Baroque and Romantic Stage Design."

——*From "The Art of Scenic Design," photographed by Vandamm.*

Lee Simonson design for "The Dead Rise"—"where would we be without *Schlamperei*?"

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U.S.A. & The World.

Willy-nilly, during the last half century the United States has been thrust into the role of a world power, a bellwether of Western civilization. It has taken most Americans a long time to comprehend what fate has been doing to them. As late as 1922 a group headed by Harold E. Stearns was writing of "Civilization in the United States" in a volume that used the phrase sarcastically. Now, nearly three decades later, in "Twentieth Century Unlimited" (reviewed below), Bruce Bliven publishes a symposium that strikes a far different tone. But Western civilization looks to the USA not merely for leadership but survival. With our foreign policy so vital a matter, such recent books as Willard R. Espy's "Bold New Program" [SRL *Sept. 16*], *B. A. Javits's "Peace by Investment"* [*Oct. 14*], *and Edgar Ansel Mowrer's "Challenge and Decision" (page 13) have assumed transcending importance.*

We, the Hope of Civilization

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED. Edited by Bruce Bliven. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 315 *pp.* $3.50.

By Crane Brinton

ALMOST rewarding subject for the kind of discussion group now multiplying inside and outside formal education in this country would be a detailed comparison between Mr. Bliven's current symposium on life in the United States—not very illuminatingly entitled "Twentieth Century Unlimited"—and the late Harold E. Stearns's "Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans," published in 1922. The earlier book is longer and, in most of the senses of that uncharitable word, more pretentious than the present book; but they are essentially the same sort of book, a collection of essays by specialists who can be lured into doing a brief popular summary of the current place of their specialties in the life of the American people.

The upshot of "Civilization in the United States" was that there is no civilization in the United States; the upshot of "Twentieth Century Unlimited" is that with all our weaknesses and failures we are nevertheless clearly in the midst of a time of flowering as well as a time of troubles, that we are indeed the hope of civilization. Here is a clear and quite representative concrete instance of the difference in tone: Deems Taylor in 1922 writes in the article on music that "the American composer in America works more or less in a vacuum. He is out of things, and he knows it"; Cecil Smith writes in 1950 in the article on music, "World leadership in music is America's manifest destiny in the second fifty years of the twentieth century. We have immense talent, immense receptivity, and immense business and promotional energy. Just how we shall fulfill our destiny nobody can foresee. But there is not much doubt that we are going to."

Mr. Smith's words reveal a further difference between the two books. He writes of American "business and promotional energy" quite unself-consciously as something helpful to the musician. You will have to comb the earlier symposium pretty carefully in order to find any admission that there is anything good, anything civilized, about American business. Indeed, the intellectual who did the article on business in the earlier symposium—incredibly, it was Garet Garrett—finds that American business had then "almost no faculty of original imagination."

Bruce Bliven—"balance of mind."

The reviewer cannot here attempt to answer the fascinating problem of the reasons for this apparent *volte-face* on the part of intellectuals. There are unquestionably many variables involved, from great factors the sociologist can only dimly guess exist, such as the extent to which intellectuals in modern Western society tend to take positions opposite to those taken by ordinary, educated nonintellectuals, right down to those factors of individual personalities that are always the despair of the historian and the sociologist, such as the overpowering influence of the bellyaching Mencken in 1922 and the entire absence of such influence in 1950—indeed, the apparent absence of much of a bellyache in Mr. Mencken himself in these latter days.

The level of interest in the essays of "Twentieth Century Unlimited," from Mr. Bliven's introduction to Clyde Kluckhohn's concluding essay on Mid-Century Manners and Morals, is high. There is no attempt at a systematic coverage of American activity in all possible fields, but the sketches do go all the way from science and business through politics to the arts. The writers all know what they are writing about, and they write good, straightforward journalistic prose. The tone of the book is by no means as optimistic as the title might indicate. The writers share Mr. Bliven's belief that the emotional pessimism of "one world or none," the apocalyptic fear of a coming disaster are not justified by what we know of the facts, nor indeed commonly held outside the ranks of the intellectuals. But they are by no means Pollyannas. They almost always maintain the kind of balance of mind one finds in practice rather more frequently among those who work under the burden of responsibility than among those who live by words—by writing, teaching, preaching. This balance, clear in most of the essays, is especially clear in three on subjects which could lend themselves to exaggerations, howlings, and generally irresponsible behavior. In this symposium urban problems are treated by Robert B. Mitchell without loud sighs; world government by Elmer Davis without nightmares; and how the writer lives by Malcolm Cowley with an objectivity and an intimate knowledge of his subject that make one wish he would expand this essay into a book on the place of the writer in American life.

Crane Brinton, professor of history at Harvard University, is author of "Ideas and Men" and other books.

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Coalition for Peace

CHALLENGE AND DECISION. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 291 pp. $3.75.

By MARK S. WATSON

WHEN Edgar Mowrer began the writing of his newest book on American foreign policy, it is certain that in his recognition of the nation's imperilment from militant Communism and in his knowledge of a need for informed and courageous leadership he was far ahead of the American public. But before his book could come from the presses the events in Korea produced upon the Government and upon the people as well much the effect he sought. Those events have been extremely persuasive.

Today, therefore, few readers will disagree with the first half of "Challenge and Decision," which portrays the state of our world and explains how it got that way. Certainly they will profit from Mr. Mowrer's orderly summation of a whole series of episodes and trends which led eventually to the "economic landslide" in this country — despite its leadership in industrialism, political democracy, and material abundance. For abundance itself, as he observes, far from eliminating anxiety, seems to compel man to "organize beyond his moral and emotional means," as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., expresses it. There can be equality of opportunity, but neither constitution nor law can create equality of capability.

An informative chapter on The Anatomy of Discord presents in simple terms much of the reasoning which the Communist patter makes so cloudy. The author accompanies it with a flow of sharp comment upon the inconsistency, the callousness, and the fraudulence of Russian thought and action. Few writers have made so intensive a study of these matters and few have greater skill in selection and compact presentation.

The Challenge half of the book is followed by a half devoted to the Decision. Mr. Mowrer does not feel that American decision has been sufficiently bold, and there have been countless instances where that feeling would be shared. Yet the political obstacles to action are real, and to many of us they will seem far more serious than Mr. Mowrer regards them. They become more noticeable in every political campaign, such as that which had just ended in a Congressional election which gave its own proof of that inescapable fact.

To some of us it will seem that America has done pretty well lately, beginning with enunciation of the Truman doctrine whose application to Greece and Turkey was an evident success. The Marshall plan has demonstrated both its virtue and its practicality. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization still pushes toward new horizons. The Korea decision, lamentably delayed, has surprised our friends as much as our foes. The United Nations shows that it can act. The shackling veto of the Security Council has suddenly become less of a block to progress, and the anti-totalitarian group of United Nations is asserting itself with boldness such as we have needed. These are very long steps forward.

Mr. Mowrer understandably wants to move very rapidly toward a world-wide peace coalition, which involves a larger sacrifice of state sovereignty than is yet shown to be acceptable, here or elsewhere. His coalition, he observes, can be constructed and maintained "only with the consent of the members, which means, in the case of democratic countries, of a real majority of the citizens. . . . Here obviously is a job that requires an unequaled combination of friendliness, tact, perseverence, prestige, power, and clarity of aim on the part of the United States." It does indeed, and it is hard to supply right away. But a bystander would say that our progress toward that ideal, since June 26, is greater than on June 25 he dared think possible.

There is infinite value in looking ahead and in charting the path toward a still greater unity of purpose which shall abide and which conceivably can save the world from its present grave peril. There is value in devising new instruments of freedom (an eloquent chapter from the book, upon this theme, was printed in *SRL* Oct. 21) and in testing their workability. Mr. Mowrer's plan, close to that of the United World Federalists, is well and hopefully argued. More power to it!

Mark S. Watson, a Pulitzer Prize winner for foreign correspondence, is a member of the Washington bureau of the Baltimore Sun.

U.S.A. Notes

THE AMERICAN CENTURY, by Ralph E. Flanders. Harvard University Press. $2.50. Senator Flanders (R., Vt.) has been described by several observers of Congressional derring-do as "the epitome of enlightened conservatism." In these Harvard Godkin lectures, he lays further claim to such designation. The Senator is plainly

"This is my first term, Senator. Where do you plant *your* leaks?"

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conservative, but only moderately so; and in 101 short pages he manages to epitomize a breathtaking sweep of problems that make for the uneasy state of this nation. He apologizes for his superficiality, but apologies are unnecessary. Granting his point of view (or even failing to grant it) he does a remarkable job of integration.

Beginning with the question of "increasing and steadying our production of the material goods of life and endeavoring to give them wider distribution," he threads his way through matters of taxation, investment, labor policy, doctrinaire conservatism and emotional liberalism, welfare programs, farm economics, and over-all economic expansion. Barely pausing, he turns to foreign economic policy, our military balance and the American position in a world shouting for peace but preparing for war.

Senator Flanders is a hard, independent thinker with a dash of the unorthodox. In these days of strident hot-headed emotionalism, his trust in empirical rationality as an approach to national issues is reassuring.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

HOW TO WIN AN ARGUMENT WITH A COMMUNIST, by Ray W. Sherman. Dutton. $2.50. How can we dramatize democracy? That is a question anyone concerned with the future of America has asked at one time or another. It is easy for the Communists to attack the free nations. These nations are not perfect. All that is wrong with them can be put under the searchlight of publicity: inequality of wealth, discrimination, political immaturity.

What is the answer? Surely not only the publicizing of Soviet tyranny, not only the reports from slave labor camps, or even the accounts of the death of freedom behind the Iron Curtain. Destruction is more fascinating than construction; a fire draws a bigger crowd than bricklaying.

Against these odds Mr. Sherman has written his book on "How To Win an Argument with a Communist." He does it well. He writes in the first person. He tells one story, and then another. He cites facts and figures about Communism at work, about Americanism at work.

This is no subtle academic volume. It operates on a down-to-earth level; it does not engage in subtleties and sometimes it overplays a point. But the sum total is commendable and constructive. There is no particularly polished writing here; it's the sort of book a hard-working editor of a country weekly might put together—angry, hard-boiled, factual, and honest. Valuable ammunition for the battle of moral survival. —MARTIN EBON.

Fiction.

The three major books reviewed this week illustrate various phases of the art of the modern short story. Mark Schorer's "The Story: A Critical Anthology" illustrates the tendency of creative writers to collect examples in this increasingly complex field that reveal the collector's standards, rather than to assemble "the best stories," or those which have proved to be the most popular. For the student his critical comments are worth the price of admission. "An American Dream Girl," James Farrell's collection, is typical of his fictional case-histories of bewildered and unhappy people who cannot come to terms with life. Most of the stories in William Carlos Williams's "A Beginning on the Short Story: Notes," will be exciting to those who do not know his work; he is one of the few writers of the Twenties who has increased in stature over the years.

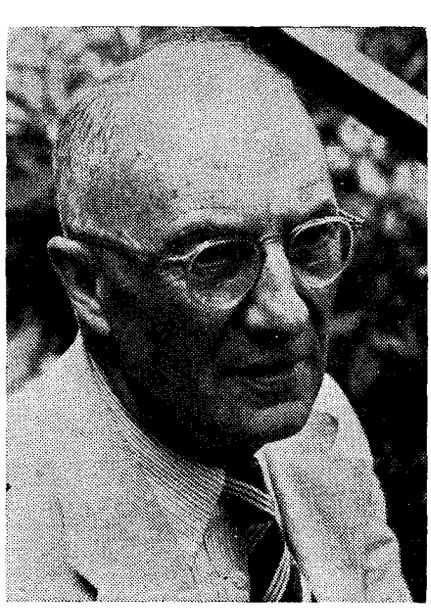
"I Lived Among These People"

MAKE LIGHT OF IT: Collected Stories. By William Carlos Williams. New York: Random House. 342 *pp.* $3.50.

A BEGINNING ON THE SHORT STORY: NOTES. By William Carlos Williams. Yonkers, N. Y.: The Alicat Bookshop Press. 23 *pp.* $1.

By ROBERT HALSBAND

IN "Make Light of It" Dr. Williams has gathered stories from two previous books, "The Knife of the Times" and the better known "Life Along the Passaic River," and added to them twenty-one previously uncollected. Altogether the stories are an exciting experience, for we are constantly surprised, even startled, by their flashes of insight, of humanity, and of poetry. And what makes this excitement substantial and satisfying is that there is nothing meretricious in his tough and honest vision of life.



—*Elliott Erwitt.*

William Carlos Williams—"vigor, humor, humanity."

If by a story is meant a plotted and structured narrative, then it would be difficult to find one in this collection. They are sketches, ranging from the merest impression or anecdote to full episodes of character and incident. In Dr. Williams's notes on the short story, jottings prepared for a lecture, we can see his theory and compare it with his practice. He defines a short story as "a medium for nailing down a single conviction"; again, as a "single flight of the imagination, complete: up and down." His stories contain so much conviction and imagination that in spite of their fragmentation they hold together as a single book with a unified impact.

His stories have the utmost flexibility of subject matter and style, with the utmost rigidity in the truthfulness of both. He describes the lives of Polish immigrants (probably his favorite subject), or the thoughts of a lascivious woman, or the trip of a nursemaid to the zoo, or the emotional hunger of a weak man, or, frequently, his own work as a physician. And his tone always has true pitch; it is so beautifully tempered to the story he is telling that we are unaware of the changes in modulation but aware of their rich variety. A sentence may have an ungainly simplicity: "Yea, I know, I said. But I can't go three places first." Or it may have a solid density: "Death is difficult for the senses to alight on." But it is always right for its time and place. His poetry has been described by Wallace Stevens as showing a "passion for the antipoetic"; and in his stories he is as passionately against the prose equiva-

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lents of the poetic—the stereotyped character of formulated stories in a slicked-up style.

If his stories lack these hallmarks of socially successful writing today, they have instead the genuine gleam of what Joyce described as an epiphany: "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself." Several of Dr. Williams's sketches come close to being clinical case histories, several are inconsequential trivia, but most of them light up with flashes of this sort. It is not an easy thing to achieve; certainly it can never be reduced to a formula or pattern. That is why, probably, he advises his audience in one of his notes: "And be careful not to imitate yourself." In his own case he always imitates nature, never himself.

The adjective "compassionate"—so glibly attributed or denied to writers recently—is only a cliché of sentimentalism. Dr. Williams has no compassion for his people; he has what is far better, a feeling of respect and involvement. It is the fundamental conviction of his writing, and here is how he explains it in his Notes:

> I lived among these people. I knew them and saw the essential qualities (not stereotype) the courage, the humor (an accident) the deformity, the basic tragedy of their lives—and the *importance* of it. You can't write about something unimportant to yourself. I was involved.

His sympathy, and not his sentimentality, is usually with the underdog. His Jersey outcasts, though authentic, are familiar American pariah-heroes—like the outcasts of Bret Harte's Poker Flat or Steinbeck's Tortilla Flat.

There is still another traditional element in his writing which brings him into the mainstream of our literature. He is a writer of the Twenties who has maintained his integrity; staying close to the ground and true to his craft (as well as his profession) through the Thirties and Forties. How many others have? He stems from the same rich soil as Sherwood Anderson, the early Hemingway, Gertrude Stein before she departed from intelligibility; and he has retained what was so valuable in their gifts: vigor, humor, and humanity. Whatever his ultimate reputation will be, he is one of the hardiest and healthiest shrubs on the landscape of American writing today.

Robert Halsband, English staff member of Hunter College, is editor of "The Nonsense of Common-Sense," by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Taking the Short Story Seriously

THE STORY: A CRITICAL ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Mark Schorer. New York: Prentice-Hall. 606 *pp.* $3.35.

By Ray B. West, Jr.

THE anthology has traditionally been thought of as the last refuge of the literary failure. If you can't write a book, you can at least assemble one with the aid of scissors and pastepot. Yet when such authors as Allen Tate, Caroline Gordon, Robert Heilman, and Mark Schorer turn to the anthology, one must look for motives deeper than the wounded ego or a love for notoriety. The truth is that such books as Mark Schorer's "The Story" are more than mere anthologies in the old sense. They are guides to what has become a complex and highly organized art form. They are aids to an understanding which goes deeper than the old level of "appreciation," as taught in the classroom and discussed in literary clubs until a few years ago.

There are those who will deplore this, seeing in an increased formalism an increasing rigidity, and there is a measure of reason on their side. I don't, however, see what can be done about it. It is a familiar phenomenon in the history of literature, and in America at least, the gain is likely to be greater than the loss. In any case, the reader can do nothing about it. When an art form becomes too rigid, the genuine artist rebels and seeks new roads. The reader and the critic can do nothing but follow him.

In the present anthology, therefore, Mr. Schorer is following the lead of short story writers of the past half-century. He is not only interested in presenting a collection of entertaining tales; he is, in fact, most concerned with defining the limits and outlining the possibilities of the short story. He does this, first of all, in the ordering of the stories themselves. He provides "introductory comment" to sections labeled The Story Base, Character and Action, Surface and Symbol, and Style and Meaning. He selects certain key stories for additional comment, and he attempts to indicate finally how the short story is related to the novel. Mr. Schorer takes issue with the statement of one of Virginia Woolf's characters who defines a story as "Toys I twist, bubbles I blow, one ring passing through another."

For Mr. Schorer the story is first of all an action, but it is an action representing something (and this something is not a bubble). It is a technical accomplishment by which experience is transformed. It is transformed by the artist's attitude toward

—*Brown Brothers.*

Mark Schorer—"limits and possibilities."

it, and this attitude is objectified through technical mastery. In the end, the story becomes similar to philosophy, but the ideas are more intensely felt because they are fashioned to appeal to the emotions as well as the intellect. The reader —the whole man —responds to the experience.

Perhaps the chief weakness of Mr. Schorer's book is that in order to illustrate his thesis he has been forced to compromise somewhat in the selection of his stories. He does not always have the best (or even one of the best) stories by certain authors. Thus the first two stories in the book are Thomas Mann's "Railway Accident" and Stephen Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," both interesting in the point they make, but neither representative of its author's ability. Mr. Schorer sacrifices such authors of the modern story as Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville for stories by certain minor contemporaries. He fails to provide helpful information concerning the authors, yet makes room for two long articles on Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw."

Yet one cannot help being impressed by the fact that, despite these limitations, Mr. Schorer has assembled a much more exciting collection than most of those with which we were familiar before the present critical tendency to take the short story seriously began. Even if one disagrees with his principles (which I do not), one will still find here a stimulating collection of modern stories.

Ray B. West is an editor of The Western Review *and on the faculty of the State University of Iowa.*

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Case Studies of Dreams

AN AMERICAN DREAM GIRL. By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 302 pp. $3.

By Nelson Algren

"WORK, senseless dates, fears, terrors, with near breakdowns every six months," Farrell describes the dream-girl of his title story, "she would go to bed and there lie in terror of something unreal and unseen, and she would get up at all hours and take taxicabs just to be with anyone who would lie with her and hold her . . . tell her she was a good girl and that she wasn't alone. This was her life."

Nor, as his readers are long aware, is there a great deal more than this to the lives of Farrell's other dream-boys and dream-girls. Under his compassionless prose and belabored cataloging we feel in every story the same dissatisfaction and the same dull dream—a sense of unfulfilled human possibilities sometimes strong enough to make his people come true.

In "Slouch," "Yellow Streak," and "A Romantic Interlude in the Life of Willie Collins" he reports three commonplace failures so tangibly that we share a common disappointment. And in "A Misunderstanding," the story of a man who puts up just so long with a wife who can't answer a straight question, there is both tragedy and humor, the latter an element heretofore alien to this writer. In "Have I Got Sun in My Eyes?," an account of a whistle-stop wolf's bewilderment at the hands of New York women bewildered by Freud, he brings off a bit of Ring Lardner business rather handily.

The remaining pieces are hewn by and large out of that same old Fifty-seventh Street woodpile with that same old axe. "Digging Our Own Graves" isn't nearly as grim as it tries to be and has a distinct second-hand ring. He telegraphs his punch right off and then delays it endlessly in "The Fastest Runner on Sixty-first Street." And "The Martyr" and the stories about Paris take much too long for saying so very little.

Indeed, when he writes in the piece called "Summer Tryout" of a play in which "sons speak to their mother as if she were a girl they were trying to pick up on a street corner," he speaks fairly accurately of his own sense of dialogue. "Written in the naturalistic manner," he assures us, "but without any real feeling or insight, the play seemed to embody just about every trick of corny melodrama."

For there is a slovenliness in Farrell's use of words and a tastelessness about his prose that rob these stories of color and forward movement. If he wrote them in longhand it would be with the old-fashioned Palmer Method backhand-slant.

Yet what is really lacking here is more than forward movement and more than color. What is really wrong is his tacit premise that a work of art requires no more of the artist than the laying of a case study on the table with the flat declaration that every word in it is God's Truth.

God's Truth is sufficient for the sociologist and usually more than enough for the reporter nowadays; but the artist, if he is one, must come up with his own truth: the truth of his own emotional involvement. But Farrell assumes that a direct line between subject and reader evades the whole creative process. The only emotion of his own he can spare to his material is a thinnish sort of sentimentality touched by a vague nostalgia; in the 1890 valentine called "A Coincidence" and in "The Wake of Patsy McLaughlin" the pages begin sticking together. Which leaves the reader feeling that most of these stories have never been completed—neither on the typewriter nor in the heart.

Nelson Algren is the author of "The Man with the Golden Arm" and "The Neon Wilderness."

Fiction Notes

THE BARRIER, by Dorothy Les Tina. Rinehart, $2.75. Harriet Beech, a sculptress, is burdened with the charge of a feeble-minded mother. Without the money to put her into a private sanatorium, Harriet cannot bring herself to commit her mother to the horrors of the state insane asylum. The problem is the more nerve-fraying because her mother's affliction is almost a borderline case: Harriet's friends can almost spend an evening in her mother's presence without noticing anything — almost, that is, but not quite.

The real conflict in Harriet's mind is started when a young man named George suggests a mercy killing. The mother will never be of any use to anyone, George says; it would be so easy to give her an overdose of something, to be free from the frustration that is ruining not only career but personality. Harriet is repelled at first, but a swirl of emotional upsets begins to drag the rest of her into the hellpit of George's solution.

The novel reaches a suspenseful climax when Harriet, alone at home with her mother, finally brings herself to hold a coma-inducing rag under the invalid's nose. But her conscience will not let her go through with it. She changes her mind and calls the doctor. Apparently unsuspecting, the doctor tells Harriet her mother has come out of her coma only enough to murmur a few dying words. Harriet is free, and free of guilt, except that guilt of thought which she and George will bear together.

This novel would be better for concentrating on Harriet's inner conflict instead of diffusing itself over a number of characters whose verbosity reveals little. In itself the dialogue is excellent, but too much of it and too many trivial incidents give a feeling of thinness to an otherwise dramatic and thought-provoking crisis.

—Patricia Highsmith.

ONE DAY MORE, by John W. Vandercook. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Mark Cotter, an American writer in his forties, sells his Hollywood house, puts his affairs in order—a divorce included—and settles down in postwar Paris, where with some frugality he is in a position to spend the rest of his life without working. Finding that he cannot live by bread alone, he searches out the meaning of life and happens into an empathic group of extremely self-conscious people, who feel all shades of compassion for one another, pitying each other's loneliness, while spouting autobiographical data with or without provocation.

One of the group is Monique Genil,

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a full-time secretary and a part-time sculptress, who is in headlong flight from her psychological problems. Cotter trails her relentlessly and finds that she is frightened of sex because of an unfortunate experience and that she is secretly supporting her old father who was a collaborator during the war. Monique's guilt complex enables André Charon, a young Communist who hates the capitalistic American, spitefully to talk her into accompanying him on a party mission. Mark pursues, and in a dingy hotel in the famous Casbah of North Africa he convinces Monique to start life anew with him.

Author Vandercook carries altogether too much descriptive luggage of similes and adjectives—"the bone-stiff heavy-eyed, metallic-tasting morning," and many of the lines try desperately to be brilliant with awkward consequences. There are occasional shrewd and sympathetic appraisals of the French people and when now and then the author forgets to be self-conscious about style there are some fine mood-passages and descriptions of Paris.

The total impression one receives, however, is that "this" is a novel compounded of noble sentiments and flacid theatrics.

—Siegfried Mandel.

VALLEY FORGE: 24 DECEMBER 1777, by F. Van Wyck Mason. Doubleday: $1.25. Van Wyck Mason has parked his counterespionage formula and his usual staccato touch back in the encampment at Valley Forge in late December of 1777, where snowdrifts and zero weather may well stall them for the rest of the winter—or at least a fortnight. This time he has given us a straightforward Christmas tale and evoked a mood of loyalty and heroism which are timeless American possessions. Those were the times that tried man's souls, when the summer patriots were scurrying from the cause like rats from a sinking ship, and the whiplash and the hangman's noose kept some remnants of discipline in an army stung by the politicians' seeming indifference to its plight. Starving, freezing, and even naked ("some in the fullest extent of the word," von Steuben put it), the army, Washington warned Congress on December 23rd, "must inevitably . . . starve, dissolve, or disperse unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place."

Mr. Mason would have us believe that the General, in a mood of defeatism, penned his resignation to Congress on Christmas eve. Then, after observing the fortitude, good humor, and even nonchalance with

(*Continued on page* 36)

History. *Of the many desires that impel men to read and write history, none is more frequent than the wish to find in the past parallels useful for the present. Advocates of world federalism find in the Confederation period of the United States arguments for their cause—which furnished Merrill Jensen an argumentative theme in "The New Nation"* [SRL *Oct. 28*]. *Claude Bowers believes in democracy, integrity, and firm moderation. Convinced he has found these qualities in Pierre Vergniaud, a man who lived in times as cataclysmic as our own, the French Revolution, he has written the biography reviewed below. Kathleen Freeman believes in pretty much the same ideals; when she writes of nine Greek city-states in her new book (page 18), she finds those qualities the dominant ones. . . . Will Durant's motives for studying history are more varied, as is shown by his long, rich, and many-faceted "Age of Faith", reviewed on page 19.*

A Man of Good Will

PIERRE VERGNIAUD: Voice of The French Revolution. By Claude G. Bowers. New York: The Macmillan Co. 535 pp. $6.

By R. R. Palmer

CLAUDE G. BOWERS is United States Ambassador to Chile; he has been Ambassador to Spain; he has written many books on American history; he has worked for newspapers and been active in politics. Pierre Vergniaud was a French provincial lawyer caught up in the turmoil of revolutionary Paris for two short years from 1791 to 1793, during which he belonged to the group of fiery republicans known as Girondists; he perished on the guillotine with twenty of his colleagues. He is almost unknown to Americans. There has never been a biography of him in English.

What has brought these two men together? It is partly an old affinity, dating from Mr. Bowers's boyhood in Indiana, when, about 1890, he read Lamartine's "History of the Girondists" with youthful fascination. But the dangerous and disordered world of Mr. Bowers's maturity has renewed and given practical meaning to this old attachment. Vergniaud was by general agreement a man of honesty, integrity, forbearance, and good will. Mr. Bowers favors a sane democracy, orderly change, respect for law, constitutional use of power, rational discussion, public spirit, unselfish leadership, firm moderation, and stanch refusal to be drawn to the extreme of either Right or Left. He finds these qualities eminently represented in Vergniaud.

—*Dumont.*

Vergniaud—"between Right and Left"?

That these are all excellent qualities few or none, at least among Mr. Bowers's probable readers, will deny. The question is whether the presence or absence of these qualities was the actual issue in the embattled France of '92 and '93. The question in history (or rather in human affairs, for past and present are no different) is whether qualities of character, or even abstract ideas and principles, offer the main cause, motive, or explanation of what happens. History is full of good and evil, but it is not simply the tale of their Manichean struggle. Nor are those biographies usually the most enlightening, the most moving, or the most tragic, in which the central figure is a Galahad beset by evildoers.

Mr. Bowers is too involved with his subject, too committed to Vergniaud politically and emotionally. His work is a labor of love. Among all the men of the Revolution he identifies himself with Vergniaud alone. He sees and feels as did Vergniaud. He characterizes Vergniaud as a genius; it is none too clear why. He compares him

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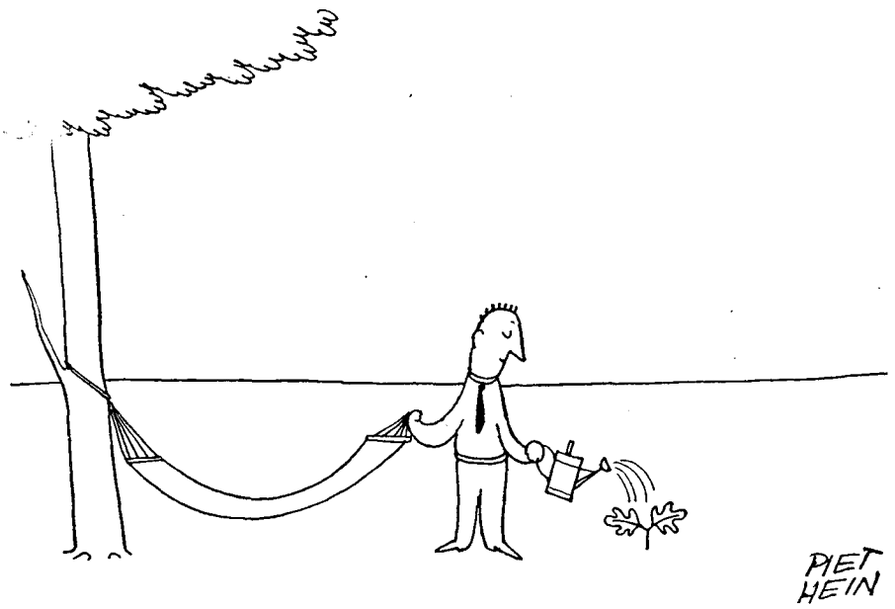
to Jefferson, rightly enough; but who knows what Jefferson would have done had he been a Frenchman in 1793? Vergniaud was in fact known as an orator, and many long passages from his orations, sometimes running to whole pages, are quoted with relish and at length; but in truth oratory on extinct political questions, especially the ample rhetoric of the French Revolution, can only with difficulty arouse in the reader the excitement which the author feels.

Again, Vergniaud was a parliamentary figure, an elected member first of the Legislative Assembly and then of the National Convention. His biographer, following closely, produces a somewhat old-fashioned parliamentary biography in which the discussions in assemblies, the speeches, stratagems, and maneuvers, the hopes, fears, and ambitions of a few hundred persons seem to constitute the central story of the Revolution. Agitation occurring outside these circles is too easily dismissed as anarchy and mob rule. Mass action seems to be unmotivated, uncaused, purposeless—or at least to be caused mainly by lawlessness or by the manipulation of a few malcontents. The author appears to wish, as did Vergniaud and the Girondists, that France might have had a republic in 1793 by majority agreement; the reviewer wishes it, too, but it is not in the nature of revolutions to occur by common consent. We are told, rightly, that the Girondists favored majority rule. We are not told why nothing like a majority ever shared their position. Why did these high-minded men have so few followers prepared to make sacrifices in their behalf?

Vergniaud is presented as occupying the mean between Left and Right. But Left and Right are relative terms; the ardently republican, inflammatory, and bellicose party of Vergniaud was well to the Left in 1791, and Robespierre himself was somewhat to the Right in 1794—it was Robespierre, after all, who liquidated the Hebertists and suppressed the revolutionary Paris commune. But Mr. Bowers's laterality follows Vergniaud's. To the Right he sees the nobles and "the reactionary clergy with its putrid morals and cruel indifference to the poor." To the Left he finds little to distinguish; all is chaos: insurrectionaries are "vile scum," the so-called *enragés* or lower-class agitators are "strange" and "disreputable," the lynch-law of the September Massacres is the same as the government dictatorship of the Terror, Robespierre is consumed with personal ambition, and the Republic itself is decapitated with the guillotining of Vergniaud.

In short, while the author has read the leading works written on the French Revolution during the past forty years he has not allowed himself to be influenced by them. He dismisses the idea that the Girondists were an upper-class group of somewhat doctrinaire idealists, out of touch with the real demands of angry peasants and aroused working men. This idea may well be qualified, but one dismisses it at one's peril. The book takes a commendable stand for humanity and broad toleration, but it will revise no judgments on the French Revolution, importing as it does, as Harold Nicolson once said in another connection, "the ethical standards of tranquility into the emotional atmosphere of danger."

R. R. Palmer, professor of history at Princeton University, is author of "Twelve Who Ruled: The Committee of Public Safety During the Terror" and translator of Georges Lefebre's "Coming of the French Revolution."



Antique Remedy

GREEK CITY-STATES. By Kathleen Freeman. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 274 pp. $3.75.

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

WHAT could be more attractive and downright exciting than the idea back of this book? From the multitude of city-states which formed ancient Greece a first-rate scholar has chosen nine to present in popular form. The publisher, for his part, has produced a handsome small volume, with pleasant little sketch maps and line drawings of coins to go with each chapter.

Athens and Sparta are absent from the list and probably this is well, for they would throw the others out of balance. Miss Freeman, rather, has selected nine city-states, diverse in origin and in their way of life, which range geographically all the way from Massilia on the edge of barbarian Gaul to Byzantium at the entrance of the Black Sea; and politically from a tiny Aegean isle to proud and powerful states of Asia Minor and Sicily. The purpose of the volume is to tell the continuous story of these sovereign states, to reconstruct their way of life, and set their citizens walking and talking again.

If the book does not quite come off, if it cannot be described as a series of delightful vignettes, it does nevertheless make pleasant and interesting reading. As Miss Freeman herself says, "Among all these wars and political manoeuvres, it is pleasant to catch a glimpse of the life of a private citizen of Miletus at the time."

The book, however, has an additional purpose, and this should be of immediate concern to everyone. It is to suggest the lesson for the modern world which is implicit in the rise and fall of these city-states. In a limited sense the description of the nine cities is intended to explain how Greek civilization came to an end. There is no doubt of Miss Freeman's idealism nor of her devotion to democracy and freedom. It is impossible, moreover, to argue with her wish that the Greek city-states had learned to settle their internal differences by constitutional machinery and that they had been actuated less by immediate self-interest.

We may agree, too, that the remedy, for antiquity as for today, lies in an education which, while encouraging individuality to the highest degree, discourages immediate self-interest. The only way to inculcate this doctrine, she says, is through the cultivation of that least developed and

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most neglected faculty of the human mind—imagination.

But it is highly questionable, to me at any rate, whether Miss Freeman understands the sweep of ancient Greek history. For her the end of ancient Greece must be laid at the door of Alexander the Great, who "did in fact destroy for ever the civilization of the city-states. . . . With these events the political life of the independent city-state ends for ever." Toynbee, to be sure, would place the beginning of the time of trouble a century earlier, in connection with the terrible Peloponnesian War between Athens and Sparta (431-404 B. C.).

The fact, however, is that the political life of Greece was brought to an end by the superior power of the Hellenistic Kingdoms and that of the Roman Republic, whereas the decline of her civilization was merely a facet of that larger collapse of ancient civilization as a whole. To come to the heart of the matter, the decline of antiquity dates from 31 B. C. The profound significance of the battle of Actium, which gave the Roman throne to Octavian (Augustus) and eventually enmeshed the world in a despotic state socialism, is not that it deprived man of freedom, as if he had lived in a Utopia until that time; its significance, rather, is that forever afterward it prevented ancient man from solving his problems on his own initiative.

Charles A. Robinson, Jr., is professor of classics at Brown University. His books include "The Greek Political Experience," "Hellenic History," and "Alexander the Great." He also edited "An Anthology of Greek Drama."

Lion and Poet

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

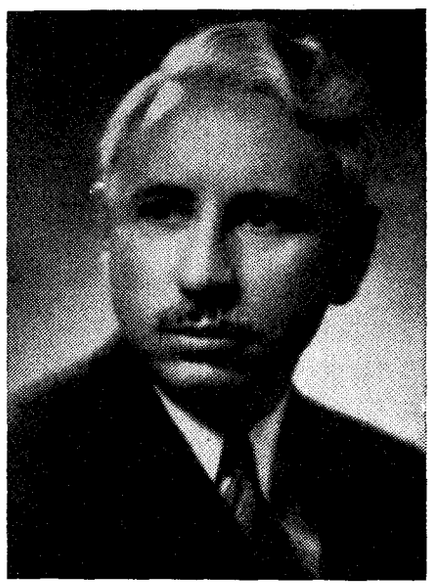
". . . a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion."
—Samson: "Judges."

O beautiful and fierce,
Dearest destroying beast,
Now powerless to pierce
This heart that was your feast,

O love and pain of love
And terrible and tawny,
Death gentles you to glove
A very trove of honey.

Sweetly your carcase fills
The purpose of alembic
Where busy time distils
Your essence in iambic.

Striding the Centuries



Will Durant — "almost overpowering flow of narrative."

THE AGE OF FAITH. By Will Durant. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1196 pp. One volume edition, $7.50. Two volume edition, $10.

By Sidney R. Packard

IN THIS work, devoted to "as full and fair an account of medieval civilization, from A. D. 325 to 1300, as space and prejudice will permit," Will Durant has taken a gargantuan stride in his triumphant progress through the centuries. Although independent and completely self-contained, it forms Part IV of "The Story of Civilization." "Our Oriental Heritage" (1935), "The Life of Greece" (1939), and "Caesar and Christ" (1944) have already appeared; "The Renaissance and the Reformation" and "The Age of Reason" are scheduled for 1955 and 1960 respectively. Surely the challenge of a mighty theme has provoked an heroic response.

The method employed is that of "integral history—the presentation of all phases of a culture or an age in one total picture and narrative." Since four distinct but interactive civilizations are here involved—Byzantine, Islamic, Judaic, and West European—over a period of a thousand years, unification and brevity have been understandably elusive. The latter has certainly been missed by a wide margin.

Unification, on the other hand, has been achieved to a surprising degree. A host of factors of the greatest possible diversity, not only in time and space but also in nature, come reasonably near to forming in these pages a single fabric, notwithstanding some very rough edges and many a pulled thread. Even a brief glance at the table of contents will shatter forever any parochial approach to the Age of Faith. The reader who will persist to the last page (where he will find awaiting him the author's grateful thanks) will have acquired breadth of view at least and probably as much wisdom concerning that Western culture of which he is a part as his own prior equipment will permit.

The long journey from Constantine to Dante has been made as comfortable as possible. The author writes clearly and smoothly. Sane and judicious when needful, as in his thoughtful comparison of Islam and Christendom, he can be properly enthusiastic and exuberant when describing the resplendent glories of twelfth-century Constantinople or the cruder vitality of Viking warriors. He has a keen eye for significant details which are also picturesque. He is not averse to some exploitation of the seamy side of his subject (there is an absorbing chapter on The Morals and Manners of Christendom, 700-1300). He manages to tell most of the traditional good stories all along the line. He has used literature, including the drama, with extraordinary success. Yet the reader is never long without some kind of release from the almost overpowering flow of the narrative. Sometimes it is a bit of summary, neatly phrased and strategically located, such as "This Alexander was his own Aristotle" (of Frederick II). Sometimes it is a statement of such candor as to jolt the reader. Again it may be a remark so humane or even so human ("Perhaps Romanus II was like other children and did not read his father's books") as to give the reader the best of all possible reasons for a momentary pause.

Although there are superb chapters on a number of topics, including The Crusades, The Medieval Jews, and The Roman Catholic Church, 1095-1294 (the last certainly not acceptable to everyone), the most brilliant chapters, as might be expected, deal with philosophy and its exponents, whether Moslem, Jewish, or Christian. Augustine and Abelard have probably never before been presented so clearly or projected against such an adequate background. The book ends with "The Divine Comedy" as a synthesis of the Age of Faith, but many readers may find its real climax at the end of the shrewd and penetrating analysis of Aquinas and his work: "He [Aquinas] did not succeed in reconciling Aristotle and Christianity but in the effort he

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won an epochal victory for reason. He had led reason as a captive into the citadel of faith; but in his triumph he had brought the Age of Faith to an end."

More drastic editing would have improved this book. Many sections which are hardly more than catalogues of names could have been jettisoned, along with all the material printed in reduced type. The chronological lists seem entirely worthless, mainly because of their length. More and better maps are needed. The bibliography, unfortunately neither classified nor critical, and the notes are reasonably adequate though of uneven quality; both run to excessive bulk.

A really serious fault is in the relative neglect of economic factors. Not that the author does not know of their existence. "A civilization passing from poverty to wealth tends to develop a struggle between reason and faith." "The Age of Money began in the Age of Faith." Three times he points out that the real achievement of the Age of Faith may have been more in the clearing of the forests, in the tilling of the fields, and in the building of towns than in any of its more spectacular products, whether of the mind or of stone or glass. But the details and the brilliance lavished elsewhere upon other topics dearer to the author's heart are here absent. Technological development has been virtually ignored. On the other hand, the misleading statements which have inevitably crept into the text are neither numerous nor vital.

The outstanding merit of this book is that it does present the medieval chapter in the story of civilization substantially as a whole, vividly, intelligibly, and honestly. In an able Epilogue to what the author calls his "long and devious narrative" he ventures the judgment that "we shall never do justice to the Middle Ages until we see the Italian Renaissance not as their repudiation but as their fulfillment." This is sound doctrine and whets the appetite for the next volume.

Sidney R. Packard is professor of history at Amherst College. He is author of "Europe and the Church Under Innocent III."

History Notes

A SHORT HISTORY OF CANADA, by G. P. de T. Glazebrook. Oxford. $2.50. In order to compress four centuries of Canadian history into 85,000 words Professor Glazebrook made a distillation of what he considers the essence of that history and omitted the picturesque episodes and individual exploits that enliven more popular chronicles. His brew could never be described as intoxicating but it is clear, smooth, and mellow. Readers who readily assimilate statistics and are not discouraged by the muted abstract prose of the historical quarterlies will find these ten chapters a balanced and perspicacious judgment on the main trends of Canadian development from The First Canadians to Canada as a World Power. There are five black-and-white maps, a brief bibliographical note, and an adequate index.

The author, who is professor of history at the University of Toronto, gives fair warning that "the book is not elementary." His aim was to provide a brief, up-to-date summation that would incorporate the matured interpretations of leading American and British historians and utilize the flood of monographic material produced by the present generation of Canadian scholars. In this he has succeeded, but the value of his short history would have been increased if he had appended a longer bibliographical list and a few comments on the recent trends in Canadian historiography that he has endeavored to reconcile. Despite a style so neutral it sometimes becomes colorless and an Olympian detachment that may irk patriotic Canadians with more blood than ink in their veins, this book is evidence that Canadian historical writing, like Canada itself, has come of age.

BISMARCK AND THE GERMAN EMPIRE, by Erich Eyck. Macmillan. $3.75. This volume is based upon a course of lectures Dr. Eyck was recently invited to deliver at Oxford University. It is also a popular summation, without footnotes, of his three-volume life of Bismarck in German which was published during the war. The style combines the liveliness of an entertaining lecture with the firm structure of a well-planned biography. The English rendition, flexible, idiomatic, and occasionally flamboyant, is well calculated to please the general reader.

The Bismarck revealed in these pages is the man of blood and iron, bold, unscrupulous, supple, tenacious, and incredibly well-informed. Dr. Eyck emphasizes, and sometimes overemphasizes, the thesis that between 1862 and 1890 Bismarck made himself the architect of a new Germany and in part of a new Europe. The irony implicit in this achievement, as the author sees it from a later point of observation, is that Bismarck's *Realpolitik* also ruined Germany because the Iron Chancellor weakened "the sense of freedom and individual independence, of justice and humanity." The dynasty and the state he sought to exalt, following the course he set for them, plunged to disaster twenty-years after his death.

QUEEN OF PARADOX: A STUART TRAGEDY, by Katherine Brégy. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. $3. Despite its title this new life of Mary, Queen of Scotland and the Isles, does not stress the enigmas and contradictions that have fascinated so many biographers and dramatists but reconstructs Mary's tragic career in a straightforward narrative. Katherine Brégy must be classified as a witness for the defense; she is convinced that Mary was more sinned against than sinning; and on the major charges—complicity in Darnley's murder and the plots for Elizabeth's assassination—she supports a verdict of Not Proved. But she concedes that Mary was incurably rash, an unbelievably poor judge of character, and so easily misled by scheming men that she often seems no more than a witless puppet. "It is impossible not to feel that she walked before destiny with an almost somnambulistic helplessness."

Such an interpretation, though it may lessen Mary's responsibility for the disasters she invited, adds nothing to her dignity. It also glosses over those repeated follies, evasions, and deceptions that even her most loyal apologists find it difficult to forgive her. John Knox, who is pictured without sympathy in this volume (as are all Mary's opponents), rightly detected in the queen "a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart." Her tactics and turns of thought so often resemble those of her grandson, Charles I, that like him she seems blind to realities. Mary's character is the key to her destiny, a fact Miss Brégy sug-

(*Continued on page* 41)

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Dostoievsky: Apocalyptic Visions

A Classic Revalued—XII

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

"THE CHARACTERISTICS of the executioner are to be found in nearly every modern man." This was written not by a survivor of Auschwitz or an inmate of a Kolyma camp. It was written almost ninety years ago by a Russian who, in a blind sort of way, had premonitions of the spiritual disease that was to make extermination camps possible. The sentence occurs in a passage on corporal punishment from "The House of the Dead," Dostoievsky's prison memoirs, a book that deserves to be better known.

Fyodor Dostoievsky

No, the ex-convict who had faced a shooting squad for little more than thinking dangerous thoughts was not inclined to idealize mankind. Many of his pages are warm with a deep and forgiving pity, but he had no comfortable belief in man's essential goodness. Human nature, not the slum and the exhausted soil, was to him the matrix of evil, and so he pinned his faith to repentance, not reform. What other novelist has so relentlessly explored man's capacity for cruelty and depravity? While his contemporaries, dazzled by the advance of science and technology, spoke with glib confidence of progress, the author of "The Possessed" was haunted by apocalyptic visions of wars and revolutions, of disintegration and collapse, of panic and chaos. We are now inhabiting a world as uneasy and insecure as that of his fictions. Small wonder that his work speaks to us with so much authority, above all those crammed, explosive novels, which move from crisis to crisis swinging between ecstasy and nightmare.

"The Possessed" is peculiarly a tale for our time. This sprawling, half-integrated piece of politico-metaphysical fiction is in part a pamphlet directed against Russian radicalism. It was still embryonic in the early Seventies when the novel was written, and Dostoievsky had practically no first-hand knowledge of the subject. Yet, remarkably enough, while his account of the revolutionary conspiracy is biased to the point of violent distortion, it is grimly prophetic of developments that, scores of years later, we have had to witness. With something like second sight he perceived in the budding social-revolutionary movement its potentiality for corruption.

The conspirators in "The Possessed" are driven by a ruthless, intransigent spirit which combines the fanaticism of the believer with the immoralism of the nihilist. They work for "an upset such as the world has never seen before," a revolution going beyond political and economic change, indeed, a new religion. The nature of this faith is not left in doubt: a convert to it chops up his icon with an ax and burns candles before the books of Vogt, Moleschott, and Buechner, the apostles of the materialism of the day. One thing is certain about "the stone edifice" that will be built on the ruins of the old order: it will be a secular, planned, synthetic society. Shigalyov, one of the plotters, has a blueprint for the millennium, which finds favor in the eyes of at least some of his comrades. It calls for the division of mankind into two unequal parts, the minority enjoying "freedom of personality" and limitless power over the rest, who give up their individuality and live in animal innocence and bliss, though they have to work. Shigalyov ruefully admits that while his system starts with the notion of achieving unlimited freedom, it results in unlimited despotism, but he insists that this is the only way to make men happy. The leader of the group, on the other hand, would tolerate no elite, but would reduce all men to the lowest common denominator for the sake of equality. Both blueprints have been followed by certain architects of twentieth-century society.

Dostoievsky returned to the problem of security versus liberty in "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." This insert in "The Brothers Karamazov" is another tract for the times. It is in substance a defense, or rather an affirmation, of freedom. Dostoievsky was aware of its burdens and dangers. In fact, he exaggerated them. Freedom meant the tragic possibility of a choice of evil. Yet he exalted it as the essence of man's humanity, the token of his divinity. Indirectly "The Legend" is a thrust at what Dostoievsky called interchangeably "Communism" or "Socialism." Clearly, it was not because of any partiality for free enterprise that he detested Socialism; no other nineteenth-century novelist did so much to discredit the acquisitive bourgeois. He saw it as an attempt to set up, in a world orphaned of God, a human ant hill, a mechanical collective ruled by science, and he was

(*Continued on page* 45)

Tyranny is a habit capable of being developed, and at last becomes a disease. . . . The man and the citizen disappear for ever in the tyrant.

—"THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD."

In Print

THE complete works, in the translation of Constance Garnett, are published by Macmillan ($2.50 each). Not all the volumes are currently in print. Dial Press lists "The Short Stories of Dostoievsky" and "The Short Novels of Dostoievsky" ($4 each). Separate titles are available as follows:

"The Brothers Karamazov"—Everyman's, Dutton (two vols., 95¢ each). Modern Library (65¢, $1.25, $2.45); Heritage Press ($5).

"Crime and Punishment"—Everyman's, Dutton (95¢); Modern Library (65¢, $1.25); New American Library, abridged (25¢); Heritage Press ($4.25).

"Diary of a Writer"—Scribner's ($12.50).

"The Idiot"—Everyman's, Dutton (95¢); Modern Library ($2.45).

"Letters from the Underworld and Other Tales"—Everyman's, Dutton (95¢).

"Poor Folk" and "The Gambler"—Everyman's, Dutton (95¢).

"The Possessed"—Modern Library ($1.25). The suppressed chapters are published under the title "Stavrogin's Confession"—Lear ($2.75).

"A Raw Youth"—Dial ($3.50).

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TV "Conservation"

Editor's Note: *The following guest editorial was written for* SRL *by Frieda B. Hennock, Federal Communications Commissioner. In line with* SRL's *continuing interest in television, we commend to our readers Miss Hennock's carefully reasoned argument for the fullest possible development of TV's educational potential.*

EVERY day the Federal Communications Commission receives many letters from parents, teachers, and other well-informed listeners who are deeply concerned about television. The fear is expressed that children are being exposed to blood-and-thunder murder mysteries, Western gunfights, grade-C scratchy movies, and sadistic wrestling exhibitions that will leave them with as little original incentive as the puppet heroes whose daily antics they follow with baited breath. These letters further complain that television, with its uniquely forceful impact on our senses and habits, is not being used for education, even though the medium is so well suited for such a purpose. The situation is not satisfactory by any means. But there is a ray of hope for the future.

The Federal Communications Commission has been holding hearings in Washington to determine the future allocation of all television channels and stations. A complete, systematized national television service based on sound engineering principles is to be established which will use almost all of the available spectrum space. Allocations are to be made in both the VHF (very high frequency) band, where all television stations presently operating are located, and in the UHF (ultra high frequency) band, a higher part of the spectrum currently being used only for experimental purposes. Since the UHF portion of the spectrum is larger than the VHF and offers potentially six times the number of stations, a nation-wide television service will not be possible without the exploitation of UHF. The building of new television stations has been suspended since September 30, 1948, when the Commission imposed a "freeze" on further licensing in order to re-examine television's technical problems on the basis of operating data in VHF from 1945 to 1949 and new experimental data in UHF. Upon the completion of the new allocation plan the "freeze" will be lifted and television will leave its adolescence to grow into a nation-wide service.

These Washington hearings mark a crossroads for television. Among the many questions the Commission will determine is the possible reservation of television channels for educational use by non-commercial, non-profit stations. A policy will be laid down as to whether education must compete for available frequencies with commercial broadcasters, which it is ill-equipped to do, or whether a mandatory reservation of channels will be made for the educational use of television by educators and related groups. Such a reservation will remove these channels from the competitive arena and hold them for educational use until such time as the non-profit and non-commercial organizations, either individually or acting in concert, shall organize and raise sufficient funds to build and operate the television stations.

At present the qualifications required of television licenses are generally the same as those for radio stations. The individual broadcaster must show that he will use his station in the "public interest, convenience, and necessity" because he is, after all, only a trustee of one of America's greatest natural resources—the airwaves—which are owned by the public at large. Such a showing, however, is not sufficient insurance against a repetition of the unfortunate experience that stunted radio's growth before it reached maturity. In radio's first years there was a destructive gold rush for its valuable "wireless" frequencies. Radio licenses were granted on a first-come, first-served basis without adequate provision being made for a unified, well-balanced, technically sound public-service radio system.

One of the chief victims of this shortsighted policy was education. Given no special consideration, educational radio was unable to compete with commercial enterprise in the operation of the early radio stations and fell by the wayside. When education later regained its stride the best frequencies had already been staked out by the commercial interests.

WITH this history in mind, I have advocated, from the very first, that education should receive special consideration in television through a mandatory reservation by the FCC. Preference for education is the only possible policy when full account is taken of education's inability to compete with commercial broadcasters' initiative and efficiency based on the profit motive. It is the only solution not blind to the experience of the past twenty years, which saw education, left to the care of commercial broadcasters, become a stepchild subject to exclusion from the broadcasting table whenever more profitable commercial activities were available. Even in the past few months the episodes involving United Nations' broadcasts and the cancellation of the live Philharmonic broadcasts on Sunday have further illustrated the vulnerability of cultural broadcasting when it is without its own independent forum. A reservation exclusively for non-commercial and non-profit use is the only way to prevent the ownership of the entire future broadcast system, with its infinite possibilities, from being at this time completely placed in the hands of commercial monopoly. The reservation will also for the first time provide the listener with the freedom of choice—with an alternative to a commercial broadcast system.

Such preferential treatment for education cannot be opposed merely on the ground that most of these educational organizations do not now have sufficient funds to make use of channels that may be allocated to them. The lack of such funds is readily admitted. It is the very basis for the set-aside. But without a reservation now education will forever lose its opportunity in television; its subsequent ability to pay will mean nothing in the face of private commercial ownership of every television station that can be built in the United States.

There is ample historical and legal precedent for a reservation of television channels for educational use. Such a policy would be only another example of the long-time policy of conservation of this country's limited natural resources. Congress long ago determined that vast tracts of our natural timber lands should be set aside as National Parks to protect them from the insatiable appetite of the great sawmills. Similarly, the Federal Government established game

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preserves where native fauna may live and flourish secure from the hunter's rifle or the trapper's snare.

The Communications Act of 1934 gave the FCC express power to "classify radio stations" and "prescribe the nature of the service to be rendered by each class of licensed stations and each station within any class." Under such authority the Commission in 1945 as part of its FM program allocated twenty FM channels, from 88 to 92 megacycles, for non-profit and non-commercial educational stations.

The farsightedness of this action in FM has been well rewarded. Many state universities and land-grant colleges have taken advantage of the FM channel availabilities and in recent years have pioneered the development of this new high-fidelity broadcasting system. These educators have used FM as an active and dynamic supplement to classroom study. The University of Wisconsin, for example, has helped to organize a statewide FM network calling for eight strategically located stations of which four are currently in operation. The University has begun to syndicate its excellent "College of the Air" programs to commercial stations for rebroadcast.

Once the Commission's "freeze" is lifted television stations will mushroom across the country and no longer be confined to Eastern and Midwestern metropolitan centers. It will not do for intellectuals to stick their heads in the sand and say, "I refuse to look at the dreadful thing." No amount of exorcising will do away with this phenomenon. There is no ivory tower high or impregnable enough to withstand its assault, unless of course one can be completely unconcerned with the cultural life of 150,000,000 people. These millions are looking at and will continue to look at television. It is playing an increasingly great role in shaping American mores. That to some may be cause for ridicule and aloofness, but others prefer a course of action that would insure the proper use of this medium before we are faced with the *fait accompli* of an exclusively commercial television service.

A noted Hollywood producer has recently remarked, "Television is the . . . synthesis of all other existing means of communication. . . . It is radio with eyes, it is the press without the travail of printing, it is movies without the physical limitations of mechanical reproduction and projection."

Sight through television has not merely added another sensory perception—it is not merely an extension of radio broadcasting—rather it has created a completely new dimension of perception and allowed intimacy between the actor and the viewer on a new and completely different level. It is this power of television to hold millions of listeners regardless of program content that is its greatest danger and at the same time the source of its challenge to educators, artists, and intellectuals. Their action in the near future may well determine whether television becomes a hardy food for our population, children and adults alike, or whether it will remain the pablum for an entire generation.

THERE is no denying that today there exists a vital need for the service that educational television stations could provide. The entire community, whether urban or rural, would benefit. Television, potentially the greatest educational technique since the printing press, offers an unparalleled opportunity for public education, both formal and informal. The television screen would be an electronic blackboard in every home, school, and factory across the nation. With it educators could reach individuals and groups who are for financial, health, or other reasons unable to attend a classroom. Education could be brought to the more than eleven million adults in the United States who have never reached the fifth grade, to the 35 per cent of our adult population who have failed to secure an elementary-school education. Television could supplement and perhaps make adequate the school training of millions of children in backward areas of this country who are underschooled as well as underclothed and underfed.

In the past few years, despite these deficiencies in our school system, there has been a renascence of learning and personal improvement everywhere in this country. Today more than thirty million citizens are receiving some form of adult education—an increase of over 600 per cent during the past four years. There is no doubt that the public wants and is seeking education.

For the school child in and out of the classroom television could be an exciting addition to the regular curriculum. The world's greatest classics could be brought, without bounds of time or space, into the auditorium and living room. Imagine, for example, the vibrancy of a Shakespearean production by Margaret Webster or Laurence Olivier; imagine the intellectual interest aroused in it by the comments of a brilliant Shakspearean scholar such as the late Professor Kittredge. The average student as well as his parents, who had previously shied away because of the difficulty of mastering a printed page replete with footnotes, would suddenly discover "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and "Henry V" to be as powerful as any contemporary drama and far more exciting than Hopalong Cassidy and Captain Video.

Travel films could illustrate geography, not on the expensive and limited class-by-class basis, but citywide through the use of video. The great masters of science, explaining its mechanisms, could add wonders to the individual laboratory. The student's training in art, music, hygiene, and citizenship itself would be guided by the national leadership presented to him through the use of television as an integral part of his school work. An Einstein might be found in a Princeton high school or a Toscanini taking cello lessons in Cincinnati.

Beyond the classroom and the school child and in the community at large television has an infinite potential. It could clearly illustrate the symptoms of a disease in a health campaign, the proper preparation against wartime attack through civilian defense, the best method of soil preparation on a modern farm; or it could show the various folkways of the national and ethnic groups to foster mutual understanding and tolerance.

These programs will be seen not only in the large and relatively sophisticated metropolitan centers. They will become part of the daily life of New Bedford, Omaha, Pomona, Charleston, and Lubbock. Education and knowledge—bringing with them the power of intellectual freedom—will be more accessible to every person everywhere in this country.

The educational use of television is not a dream or a pious hope but an actual possibility that may be realized in the near future. Nothing that could be done to improve America's educational system can approach the force and impact of this great electronic innovation. A nationwide educational television service is an investment in this country's future which will pay the highest dividends for generations to come. —FRIEDA B. HENNOCK.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

More from Wylie

SIR: My letter about the ignorance, cowardice, and liberty-desertion of educators published a while back [*SRL* Oct. 7] has elicited a batch of mail I am too busy to answer. Half of it is pro, half con.

I had thought that literate Americans were by now familiar enough with my philosophy and my writing methods to see that my attack on the professors was merely another of the sort I've made for fifteen years.

It seems to me that a nation which recently has fought two fearful wars because it would not defend freedom until peace was lost, a nation now backing and filling into just such a new war—a nation where the little man is demonstrably a crook—a nation whose college graduates can hardly read in the majority and never really do—is a nation with large, general, and dire psychological troubles.

These I have discussed in terms of various groups and the special ways in which the groups do disservice to our central philosophy of freedom. In that fashion I "attacked" moms, doctors, clergymen, statesmen, and, lately in the *SRL*, teachers.

No one has ever refuted my general claim. But every group I criticized has reacted with a sort of gang-loyalty, a booster psychology. Thus I am on Dr. Melby's "side" (which he urged me to join) up to the point where Dr. Melby says, "Sure, America's a mess, but don't blame us teachers." Nobody will agree he holds the dirty end of a stick visible in the hands of almost everybody these days. As citizens alone teachers are to blame partly for our common woes; as teachers their share is larger than the average.

Only one letter really fazed me. A Mr. Miale wrote that the philosophy of "Freedom of Knowledge" is not only "silly" but a form of "vulgar intolerance." If that be true, then I am mistaken in all I think and so were the Founding Fathers, and the only Right on earth is authoritarian, doctrinal, totalitarian! Ignorance then becomes man's faith. I shall continue, however, to take the opposite view and to tolerate the ignorant, even the self-made ignorant, while urging universal freedom of knowledge and rebuking all who fail to embody the idea.

PHILIP WYLIE.

Miami, Fla.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

SIR: It seemed a little odd to read an essay entitled "Edna St. Vincent Millay," by John Ciardi [*SRL* Nov. 11], only to find that it dealt with his youth rather than her poetry. John must have been an awfully cute kid: perhaps your readers are really interested in the story of his adolescence. But why not give it a candid title?

> . . . it is not likely that her work can be popular so long as poetry continues its present development toward the ambivalent consciousness and the pessimistic intellect. Perhaps her poems must be forgotten.

So thinks John Ciardi. That's not adolescent thinking; that's real adult thinking. I'm here to tell you that you'll have to do a lot of thinking before you can equal that. And as to the distinguished style of writing—you'll *never* match it. No use to try.

Edna Millay once wrote four lines which come to mind.

Cruel of heart, lay down my song.
Your reading eyes have done me wrong.
Not for you was the pen bitten,
And the mind wrung, and the song written.

JOHN TROXELL.

Stanford, Calif.

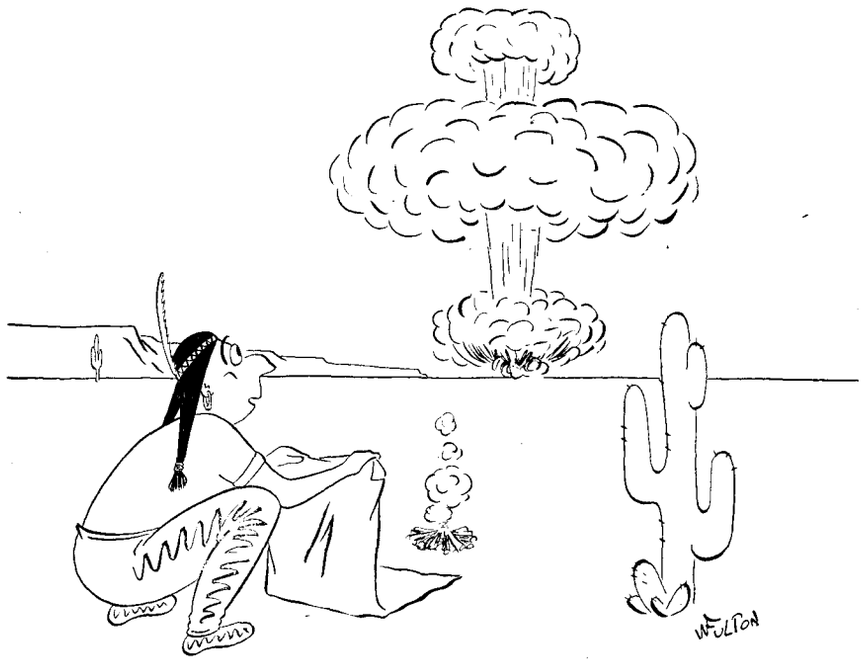
SIR: I was not surprised at the volume of protest you received on John Ciardi's article. When I read it I was sure that would happen. And it certainly seemed a rather premature rush to express a final opinion; when there is death, there is no more need of haste. One could perhaps pause a while to let the perfume of flowers on a grave have its day of sweetness first, and the flowers themselves a gentle time to wither.

But, aside from that, it seems to me that most of your letter writers miss one point. Perhaps I sense that the more because I shared Ciardi's early passion for Millay—only I was slightly older, just trailing the poet herself in years, so that she anticipated for me what I was about to say. Many of the letter writers agree that her early poems are forgettable. But it seems to me that there is the missed point. Ciardi says those early ones were precious for him—when it was right for his youth to find them precious. So they were also for me. If once there was felt a great surge in a phrase of music and then never more did one find further ecstasy in the same composer—still for that one perfect moment of answer in oneself that composer has been great, and his greatness can never again be denied.

She remains a part of inextricable experience for me. I do not care what the ages' appraisal of her may be, but I think it may come close to Mr. Ciardi's. If the indignant ones will read that article again very carefully, perhaps they will see that Ciardi has demonstrated as precious what the defenders would deny.

JOSEPHINE LYNCH.

New York, N. Y.



"Ugh! Wish I said that!"

"Headmaster to the Universe"

SIR: John Mason Brown's picture of George Bernard Shaw as the "Headmaster to the Universe" [*SRL* Nov. 18] may be supplemented by a picture of Shaw as a student undertaking all the chores in practical politics that intellectuals too often dodge. In the early days of the Fabian Society, Shaw helped to address envelopes, talked from soapboxes to small meetings, ran for such minor offices as that of a St. Pancras vestryman, participated in such conferences as the one which led eventually to the start of the British Labor Party, gave much time and energy to the writing of simple economic pamphlets, etc.

My own vivid recollection is of Shaw nursing one elbow and shaking an admonitory finger at white-collar workers whose stupidity in refusing to organize into trade unions he was upbraiding with typical pungency.

On the debit side Shaw suffered in his last days some terrible blind spots about the black and red totalitarians. His evaluation of Henry Wallace as well as his complete misunderstanding of the nature of the Korean incident, June 25, show that even the sharpest intelligence can go astray.

MARK STARR.

New York, N. Y.

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☛ Paul Bowles is a young American writer now living in the Arab quarter of Tangier. Most of these stories have their setting in North Africa and in Latin America.

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Seeing Things

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

NO ONE interested in the theatre can fail to take an almost personal satisfaction in the success which, with "The Country Girl,"* has again come to Clifford Odets, and come because of his having deserved it. Success is a strange matter, as Mr. Odets is in a better position to know than most. He achieved it early—and with a bang. He was twenty-nine when "Waiting for Lefty" exploded like a bomb behind New York's footlights and when in "Awake and Sing" he wrote one of the richest, warmest, and most probing dramas an American has written in our time. This was in 1935, a year which theatrically must be described as an Odets year. During this same season "Till the Day I Die" and "Paradise Lost" also reached production, and playgoers experienced the exhilaration which comes from realizing that a new, fine, and magnificently vigorous talent has emerged.

Mr. Odets's career can be said to have got off to a poor start if for no other reason than that it started off too well. It did not work up to a climax; it began with one. It commenced, so to speak, with the fifth act—a process which, however heady and exciting, is not in accordance with the safer canons of dramatic practice. The challenge with which it confronted Mr. Odets was cruel. In the years following his initial triumph he was bound to be penalized by his own achievement. He had to live up to himself, and so great was the hope his admirers had invested in him that this amounted to his having to live down his own reputation. This is why Mr. Odets must know, as few do, how bitter the sweet fruits of success can become.

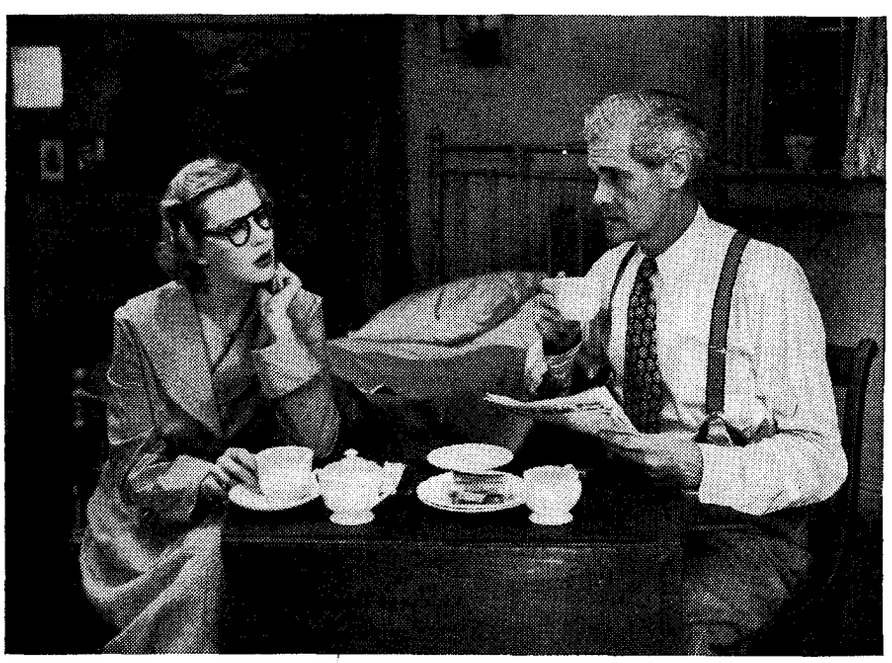
Trigorin in "The Sea Gull" was aware of one of the most poignant aspects of literary endeavor: the realization that what one has written is neither what one wanted to write nor so good as what others have written on the same subject. When a novel of his was printed, Trigorin said the public read it but always with the comment, "Yes, charming, clever. Charming but nothing like Tolstoy. A very fine thing, but Turgenev's 'Fathers and Sons' is finer." Trigorin's lament was that, when he was dead, they would be saying at his grave, "Here lies Trigorin, a delightful writer but not so good as Turgenev."

Since 1935 Mr. Odets has suffered a sadder fate than Trigorin's. Instead of being compared unfavorably with his betters, he has been compared unfavorably with Odets. From "Golden Boy" (1937) to "The Big Knife" (1949) there was a marked falling off. Slow as it was, it was steady and disheartening. Although proofs of the old Odets magic were to be found in such new plays as "Rocket to the Moon," "Night Music," and "Clash by Night," these proofs gradually became rarer and rarer.

Indeed, there were many of us who, two seasons back when we saw "The Big Knife," became truly concerned about Mr. Odets. It seemed as if his talent had slowly dried up. He was scolded, of course, as if the fault were his. When writers who have pleased us by writing well disappoint us by writing badly, their fate is to be treated as if they wrote badly on purpose. One of the more ridiculous aspects of criticism is the regularity with which it finds people who cannot write telling people who can that they should have written better. Unquestionably they are writing as well as their gifts permit them to *at that time*. All of us are apt to forget that authors cannot subpoena genius and that a writer's talent may leave him as unpredictably as a singer's voice. This is what appears to have happened to Mr. Odets. This is why, too, it is agreeable to be able to report that in "The Country Girl" the stream which had thinned to a trickle is flowing once more.

Although "The Country Girl" is not Mr. Odets's best play, it has some of his best writing in it. Moreover, it discloses a new and unexpected Odets. This in itself is reassuring and welcome. Mr. Odets has usually been associated with dramas of social significance if not of social protest. His favorite theme song, sung in anger or with enormous vitality, has been "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust." His characters have shared "a fundamental activity: a struggle for life amidst petty conditions." His explanation of their personal frailties used to be the over-simple one that they were victims of The System.

IT IS interesting to see in "The Country Girl" that Mr. Odets can write from affection with the same intensity and insight with which he first wrote from indignation. This time he is making no plea, addressing no mass meeting, and leaving The System not only unblamed but unmentioned. The theatre, which he loves as warmly as he hates Hollywood, is his background, and people are his concern. He is telling the story, a messageless one, of how a devoted wife struggles to keep her actor-husband sober so that he can make a comeback in the leading part a trusting producer is convinced



Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly—"high-voltage feeling and phrasing."

**THE COUNTRY GIRL, by Clifford Odets. Staged by Mr. Odets. Settings by Boris Aronson. Costumes by Anna Hill Johnstone. Dwight Deere Wiman presents the Strasberg and Odets Production. With Paul Kelly, Uta Hagen, Steven Hill, Peter Kass, Louis Veda Quince, Joseph Sullivan, Phyllis Love, and Tony Albert. At the Lyceum Theatre, New York City. Opened November 10, 1950.*

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he can play. The director falls in love with the wife after having at first misunderstood her. At the end, however, hers is Candida's choice of the man who has the greater need of her because he is the weaker.

Plainly such a theme in such a setting is neither new nor earth-shaking. As Sidney Howard pointed out long ago, the age and service-stripes of a story have little to do with eligibility. The point is that Mr. Odets makes the story his own. He gives it the benefit of his high-voltage feeling and phrasing. He allows us to see far beneath the surface of his characters into what is the mainspring of their frustrations or their actions. With skill and subtlety he misleads us at the outset into accepting as true the lies the actor has told about his wife in order to excuse his own weaknesses. Then, little by little, Mr. Odets enables us to see her as she is. His scenes race forward with the drive of his earliest works. His gift for deriving tension from small things is as effective as it used to be in developing large climaxes.

The originality which sharpens his writing is equally present in his direction. The sense of hard-pressed poverty, of abandoned hope, and of squandered talents which he establishes is admirably visualized in Boris Aronson's sordid dressing-room and pathetic boarding-house backgrounds. As the maligned yet faithful wife, Uta Hagen gives one of the season's outstanding performances. She plays quietly, knowingly, without any cheap bids for sympathy, but with an indomitable inner strength. Although personally I prefer Paul Kelly in such a tough, tight-lipped role as the General in "Command Decision," I cannot deny his excellence as the alcoholic actor. He captures the irresolution, amiability, and pathetic self-deception of this man who has ruined his career and his wife's life. Steven Hill is no less successful as the dynamic director, dictatorial in his ways, and accustomed to believing himself and having others believe in his own snap judgments regardless of how wrong they may be.

When "The Big Knife" opened two seasons ago, I was forced to confess, "Few scripts have made me more uncomfortably aware of the inner despair of the authors; few have left me more apprehensive about their writers' immediate future." "The Country Girl" makes such apprehension groundless. After a stormy and troubled period Mr. Odets has refound himself and his talent. This should mean a great deal to our theatre which stands desperately in need of all that is energizing and distinguished in his gifts.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 390

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 390 will be found in the next issue.

FNGQPNJM TNP CBP

MTXVCKTNR GY CBP

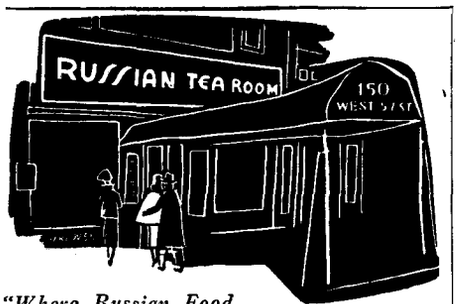
LXCKLCLGXM.

N. E. PZPNMGX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 389

Cowards are cruel, but the brave love mercy and delight.

—J. GAY.



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SRL Goes to the Movies

WAR BUSINESS AS USUAL

". . . riding along on a formula."

THAT audiences are firmly in the mood to look at realistic treatment of war subjects is a fact established by the success of Metro's "Battleground" and Republic's "The Sands of Iwo Jima." "Breakthrough"* is Warner Brothers' most recent contribution to the mounting accumulation of movies about World War II and much of it is commendable and seems to this reviewer to have a quality of realism about it that is not too far off from the actuality. Thus audiences will know what the hedgerow fighting in Normandy was like, what a cruel and monotonous ordeal it was, and what the foot soldier contributed to the breakthrough at St. Lô. Even though the story is told in terms of the exploits of a single platoon, the film is essentially historical in nature, and as such is all to the good.

It does seem regrettable to me, however, that the movie industry is relying on a pattern of story treatment for war pictures, as though by riding along on a formula that worked for previous movies the box office will be assured for this one. Limiting the camera-eye view to what a few dozen men experienced of battle does have its advantages: you get acquainted with the individuals in terms of their unit; the story line becomes less complicated. But by solving difficulties in this way there is a loss. You don't really comprehend the totality of the Normandy campaign if you are kept so restricted in your view.

Hollywood is in a fine position to bring home dramatically to a vast public the nature of an awesome war, its meaning (both human and historical), and its lessons. Reliance on a pattern that has worked before means that much will be left unsaid in motion-picture terms, not only for present-day audiences, but for future ones which cannot help but be concerned.

In "Breakthrough," through the medium of re-created battle scenes and inserted clips filmed during the war, we see something of the preparation for invasion in England, something of the movement across the Channel and what happened to one platoon that hit the beaches and drove inward. I hesitate to say that this is not enough, for what is here is valuable. It just seems to me that so epic a campaign as Normandy deserves treatment on a broader scale.

Never does the movie go above infantry-battalion level. While the branch that did the dirtiest job of the war is duly celebrated, as it certainly should be, we are left relatively unaware of those combat engineer troops who had to hit the beach, too, of those artillery units that had to support advancing infantry, of supply elements that kept reinforcements,

* *BREAKTHROUGH. Screen play by Bernard Girard and Ted Sherdeman. From a story by Joseph I. Breen, Jr. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Produced by Bryan Foy. Presented by Warner Bros. With David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy, Suzanne Dalbert, William Campbell, Paul Piccerni, Greg McClure, Richard Monahan, Edward Norris and Matt Willis.*

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tanks, and equipment funneling into the breaches in the West Wall. The breakthrough at St. Lô was a coordinated ground and air assault that cleared a path for the armor. It would have helped, too, to see something more of the complex process and strategy filtering through the chain of command that lies behind the achieving of such a military objective.

Nor do I think that it lies beyond the abilities of Hollywood to give us something of this. One of the very best of the war novels was Ned Calmer's "The Strange Land." His technique of telling was actually somewhat cinematic, his view flashing from place to place, from one character's story to another, but he managed to bring into the tale of an operation a good many of the levels from which it *had* to be viewed, in order to see it in proper and realistic perspective. Some of the realism is here in "Breakthrough," but an all-important perspective is lacking.

Yet much of what the movie does it does well. The trials of a company commander are shown vividly by David Brian. The playing of the fledgling platoon leader (John Agar) and the way in which he became a seasoned leader has much verisimilitude, and the capable platoon sergeant (Frank Lovejoy) will be recognized, not only as a type, but as someone who luckily happened to be around quite often.

On the other hand I am beginning to be annoyed by the introduction (again the formula) of the "sexy French dame" (Suzanne Dalbert) in the midst of pretty furious battle. There's a lull and lo! she appears, wearing a nice off-the-shoulder dress and fancy high-heeled shoes. The script writer (Joseph I. Breen, Jr.) then descends into the most obvious and silly sort of vaudeville seduction scene. Sex was there all right, but it was hardly like this, and if it can't be shown as it was, or even hinted at, then, for heaven's sake, let's dispense with the corn.

Perhaps this is out of place, but it also seems to me that by now a few other branches of fighters are worthy of eulogy too. A high-balling armored division like the Fourth or the Sixth ought to have some of its action and achievement on film record, even though advances had first to be paved by the blood and sweat of infantrymen.

But see this movie, by all means. The "big picture" is skimpy, a chance to do something more impressive has been fluffed, but a film of Americans in battle presented as vividly and honestly as "Breakthrough" does it is hardly something to be neglected.

—Hollis Alpert.

TV and Radio

CASTING DOUGH UPON THE WAVES

THERE is an old, old story—credited I believe to the late Marcus Loew, founder of the Loew circuit of theatres. He and one of his theatre managers were once walking along the street when Mr. Loew noticed a line of people several blocks long waiting to enter a building. As the line moved ever so slowly along Mr. Loew asked his companion what the people were waiting for.

"Rudolph Valentino died," the theatre manager replied. "They're waiting to go in and see him lying in state."

"There you are," Mr. Loew is reported to have said, "give the people what they want, and they'll come to see it."

"Give the people what they want" later became the slogan of radio. And for years the people were given dismal soap operas to keep them crying all day and repetitive comedy shows to keep them laughing all evening. Between these alternate fits of crying and laughing the people became neurotic enough to go out and buy the stuff the programs advertised for sale.

Later somebody started a mystery program, so the radio moguls decided the people wanted mystery shows. A little later somebody gave away $64 on a quiz show, so now they decided the people wanted quiz shows. The people got what they wanted—mystery shows to scare the pants off them and quiz shows to win enough to buy a suit with two pairs.

—NBC.

Tallulah—"radio live[s] again."

Then came television, and now the people really got what they wanted. They stood in a line blocks long waiting to see radio lying in state. Radio had died, and they were now lining up to buy television sets. The kind of radio entertainment which had been forced upon them was not what the people had wanted after all.

Too late the radio executives had discovered that it was not "give the people what they want." Rather, it should have been "give the people what they deserve." However the people deserve much better than they got.

Sure, the people listened to soap operas for years. It's another old, old story—about the gambler who is going into a dice game and his friend warns him the game is crooked. But the gambler replies, "I know, but it's the only game in town." Soap operas were all radio had to offer during the day. So the people listened, and in the beginning made small jokes about what they heard, but soon their resistance was lowered and they cultivated a taste for the cheaply written histrionics which made up the bubbles of those days. It was the only game in town.

I'M WILLING to wager any sizable amount that there isn't a radio executive in the business who, in any year, has listened attentively to "John's Other Wife," "Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne," "The Second Mrs. Burton," "Backstage Wife," "Portia Faces Life," "Nora Drake," "Helen Trent," or the sagas of any of the other confused girls who make up the happily miserable day in radio. And any executive who says this is what the people want has either an exalted opinion of himself or a cynical contempt for people.

As for the vaunted comedy shows the people wanted, it is now slowly discovered by the radio executives that the people were laughing only because it was the only game in town. They deserted radio just as they desert a movie like "Mother Wore Tights" for a movie "All About Eve," or a play like "Strange Bedfellows" for "Death of a Salesman." If the people have access only to pulp magazines they'll never discover good books. And sometimes I believe it is a plot to keep the people from discovering too much. They might catch on that basically there is a little dif-

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ference between one toothpaste and another.

But there is one new bright spot in the radio picture. Suddenly the National Broadcasting Company decided to give the people what they deserve. Just as the people were lining up for that last look at radio lying in state radio moved in its coffin. For an hour and thirty minutes one Sunday night NBC worked over it and breathed new life into it. At the end of that time radio was able to hold its head up, and the next morning the critics were unanimous in announcing that radio lived again.

"The Big Show," as the hour and a half is known, is the gathering place of some of the biggest names in the entertainment world. They gather in NBC's newly acquired Center Theatre, where the "glamorous, unpredictable" Miss Tallulah Bankhead bids them welcome, raps them, takes a few raps herself, and manages to wrap up ninety minutes of adult entertainment such as radio—engrossed these past few years in pots and pans and twelve free rumba lessons—has unfortunately neglected. As Harriet Van Horne said in her review in the *World-Telegram and Sun* "I wish radio had thought of it years ago." John Crosby in the *New York Herald Tribune* said: "Some of us profound thinkers will have to revise our opinions about radio's being dead."

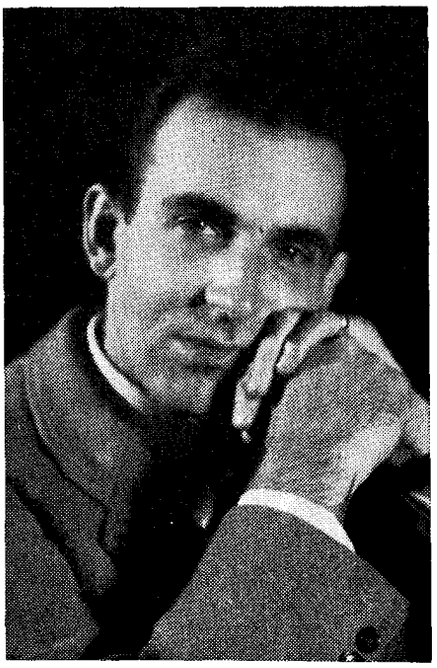
Miss Bankhead in her opening announcement on "The Big Show" said, "All it takes to put on a show like this is courage, vision, and a king-sized bundle of dough." The courage and vision were supplied by Charles (Bud) Barry, vice president in charge of radio programs, the king-sized bundle of dough by NBC. The six-o'clock-to-seven-thirty time segment on NBC had, until "The Big Show" arrived, not been able to garner more than a sprinkling of listeners. That is because on the other networks at that time the people were getting the only game in town. But now they found a show they deserved—something which, under the direction of Dee Englebach, didn't talk down to them, was not made of the stuff which supposedly appeals to the twelve-year-old mind, the level at which most radio and advertising executives believe the people to be.

If "The Big Show" continues to attract the people as it has already begun to attract them, there will have to be some revisions made in the thinking of what the big men behind the scenes believe the people want. Courage, men! And vision! You've already got the king-sized bundle of dough. Cast some of it upon the waves. And make it an all-star cast.

—Goodman Ace.

Music to My Ears

GERARD SOUZAY—TENORS IN TUNE—COPLAND CONCERTO



—*Yvonne Chevalier.*

Gerard Souzay—"nary a false step."

AN OLD art in a new frame seems a reasonable description of Gerard Souzay, the French baritone who materialized from the background of a few well-regarded recordings in an American debut at Town Hall last week. These discs conveyed no more than a lyric voice typically French in its tendency to the white sound, its sense of the word, its feeling for mood. On stage Souzay took form as a youngish man of more than casual good looks, black-haired, slim, tall, and of excellent bearing. From his first effort in Italian (Handel's "Berenice" was the source), Souzay proceeded cross-Continent from Germany (Schubert) to France (Debussy, Fauré, and Caplet) to Spain (De Falla) with nary a false step and no artistic detour.

In his background is training by that splendid artist Pierre Bernac, whom Souzay resembles to some degree in method if not greatly in results. Within the limits of his present experience, he might be described as a Bernac with a voice—a voice which is not overpowering, but neither is it paltry. The Handel, sure in outline, tasteful in accentuation, established this, and Scarlatti's "O Cessate di piagarmi" and Durante's "Danza danza" confirmed it. Even more revealing of Souzay's versatility and taste was his Schubert, of which "Das Wandern" was a bit more jaunty than I prefer but "Nacht und Träume," in a superb mezzo-voce, was a triumph of poetic recreation, with a delightful "Fischerweise" leading to an ominous "Doppelgänger." What he did with Debussy's "L'echelonnement des haies" and "Mandoline" and the subsequent Caplet, Fauré, and Falla was almost anticlimactic; a Frenchman who could hit the distant mark of Schubert so squarely could scarcely miss so close to home.

His prime need, at the moment, would seem to be a calm hand to keep his head level. He has an inclination to mold musical lines with his hands, and cast artistic spells with his eyebrows—"visual aids" which might be disdained by so resourceful a vocalist. His piano-playing partner was James Shomate, a welcome new name.

* * *

As if Tucker, Bjoerling, Tagliavini, Conley, Baum, (to mention only those who have already appeared) were insufficient tenors for one fortnight of opera, Rudolf Bing presented Mario del Monaco, a bird of passage from the San Francisco season to his native Italy as Des Grieux in a recent "Manon Lescaut." Something about Valentino-size in build, Del Monaco has character in his voice and assurance in his manner. To be sure, the character is that learned in the rafter-ringing Italian school, but he actually held the pose required of him at the end of a "Donna non vidi mai" (in Act I) which evoked free as well as subsidized bravos, and otherwise showed that he could charm as well as overpower. Del Monaco yields to no one in estimation of Del Monaco's art, but he is a sure, well-schooled vocalist who might even forego a needless sob or two if he were talked to earnestly. With a vocal quality sometimes suggesting the younger Martinelli, Del Monaco is likely now to be with us more frequently.

Mozart's "Magic Flute" is a work which vibrates with such a sweet confidence in the ability of sound to convey an atmosphere, a meaning, almost an ethical concept, that any qualified performance—such as was broadcast on the last Saturday of November—merits gratitude. Under the devoted direction of Fritz Stiedry the Metropolitan's current "Magic Flute," for all its visual makeshift, has a directness and fervor overriding any single participant. The irony that the one who disappointed most on this occa-

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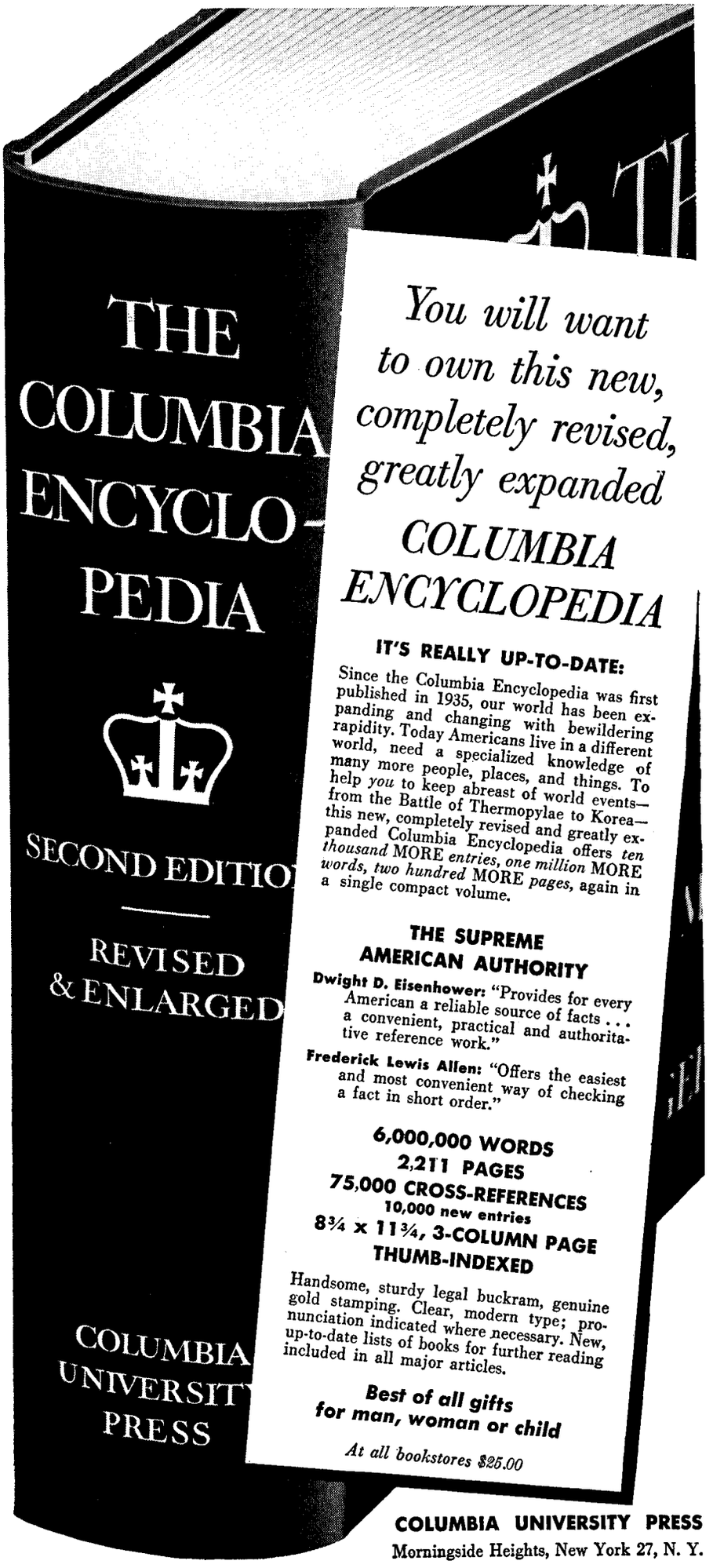
sion was Erna Berger, giving us for the first time her celebrated Queen of the Night, shows that with opera singers as with others a name is not enough. Probably the requirement that she sing in English (and what English this translation is!) left its mark on her effort, after hundreds, literally, in German. But in legato passages her execution and enunciation were close to faultless; it was above the staff, where she formerly excelled, that uncertainty reigned supreme. A check with the famous recording of a dozen years ago shows that Beecham gave her a little leeway, in tempo, for the ascent to the high F's which Stiedry didn't. With her, it seems, the Queen of the Night is now too much, too late.

If, as the Berger decline suggests, native talent must be depended upon for future "Magic Flutes," the native talent in this one was uniformly sound. New and excellent was the imposing Sorastro of Jerome Hines and the apt First Lady of Genevieve Warner. New and decidedly promising was the rich-colored tenor of Richard Tucker as Tamino, attempting a style far from his common experience, and showing that the part was in his voice, if his voice is not yet in the part. Call it awkward, call it crude, the fact remains that it has a breadth, a temper, that could be quite unusual. In obliging our convenience rather than his, Paul Schoeffler mouthed rather than pronounced the words of the High Priest, but his feeling for the line of Mozart was ever-present. John Brownlee (Papageno) is a veteran birdcatcher with a permanent license, and Lillian Raymondi does few things so well as Papagena. It is hard, however, to believe that the roster does not contain a light tenor who cannot sing the music of Monestatos as well as Leslie Chabay, and pronounce the text with less of a paprika flavoring.

IN brief: The Copland concerto for clarinet, which had a concert premiere by the Ormandy-directed Philadelphia Orchestra with Ralph McClane as soloist following its radio introduction a few weeks back by Benny Goodman, who commissioned it, is a representative addition to that literature if not the purest Copland. The first slow moody section is a beautiful conception, maturely articulated; the succeeding fast movement, I felt, would have been more consistent had Copland not been writing with a jazz virtuoso in mind. However, this is subject to revaluation on the further hearings which will be quite easily possible when the Copland-Goodman version for Columbia makes its appearance on records.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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NOT WITHOUT SOCRATES

(*Continued from page 7*)

that the world's great books are in themselves, and almost by themselves, the best of all possible teachers. The practical application of this theory is at first glance quite simple, however arduous it may prove in reality. A book of the required quality is selected for study. The students read it. The teacher, or discussion leader, reads it. Then the book is picked to pieces, chewed, and digested by the question-and-answer method—with the leader of the seminar asking all the questions and giving few or none of the answers—until the students have assimilated, to the best of their abilities, the good that the book has to give. The process is then repeated again and again, with great texts chosen from the various kinds of literature; and, with each great book that he makes his own, the student approaches ever more nearly the ever-retreating ideal of the truly, liberally educated man.

After his brief and presumably successful trial flight at Beaune, Mr. Erskine returned from France to Columbia University, where in 1919 he persuaded the authorities to permit the establishment of an Honors course "devoted to the reading of great books," and open to "a select group of juniors and seniors." In this select group was Mortimer Adler, who was to become one of the most eloquent proponents of the Great Books idea, and who began to teach the Honors course based upon it as soon as he had himself completed that course. From Columbia Mr. Adler went to the University of Chicago, where he and Mr. Hutchins gave a revised version of the Erskine book list a prominent place in the academic scene. Years passed, with the Great Books flourishing at Columbia and Chicago, and then in 1937 not merely a course but a whole college was based on these books, no less completely than the entire curriculum of the university of al-Azhar is based on the Koran. This college is, of course, St. John's College at Annapolis, Maryland, which has made a big stir in the world and been the subject of much controversy.

"The four-year program of reading at St. John's," Mr. Adler tells us, "is substantially the same list" as that previously used by himself and Erskine and Hutchins, "though it has been enriched by additions from the fields of mathematics and natural science." The students, who may enroll at fifteen if they have completed their second year of high school, spend their college years reading approximately 100 Great Books that are supposed to have in them the "shining thread of the great liberal tradition in the Western World." (One may wonder, in passing, what such authors as Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Nietzsche have to do with a liberal tradition; but we must get on with the story.) The study of these books is, in the words of Mark Van Doren, himself an ardent believer in the program, "the end of every other activity in this college; languages are learned so that these books may be read, and among the languages are those of mathematics and the laboratory. There are no textbooks to which the great books are supplementary; the great books are the textbooks of this college, as in a sense they are its teachers. For the faculty reads them, too, in preparation for seminars where they will be discussed. And since there are no departments or divisions, all of the faculty must do what all of the students do: read all the books."

Each seminar, as I understand it, consists of no more than ten students and meets five days a week. In these discussions faculty members act as "auxiliary intermediaries" between the students and the objects of their study, and in the cases of some difficult books a tutorial explanation of the text is given in accordance with the best French practice. There is a certain amount of laboratory work in connection with the scientific classics —although this, like the study of languages, must be very sketchy—and there are weekly lectures on a wide variety of subjects that are heard by both students and faculty.

AND so, by way of Columbia and Chicago and St. John's, we come to the Great Books Foundation, "a nonprofit corporation organized under the laws of the State of Illinois to promote adult liberal education through reading and discussing the works of the greatest minds of all ages." For the aim of the Foundation is to make available to all interested adults, who can band themselves together in prescribed numbers, precisely the kind of education that I have been describing in the preceding paragraphs; and the book list of the Foundation is still another revised version of those drawn up by Erskine, Adler, Hutchins, and the faculty of St. John's. Through its regional representatives the Foundation organizes discussion groups, trains volunteer group leaders, and supervises the early steps of new groups. Each group is made up of from twenty to forty persons, is under the guidance but not instruction of two leaders, and meets eighteen times a year, every other week, for a two-hour session. "The group," to quote the Foundation's promotional literature, "will continue from year to year—as long as interest remains. You will need to do about four hours' reading during the two weeks between each session. Your friends and neighbors will be there. You will meet your minister, banker, lawyer, company president, fellow workers, doctor, grocery clerk, and your neighbors." The books to be studied are published by the Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, in handy, paper-bound volumes. Each year's set of readings, neatly boxed, sells for $9.60—with suitable royalties going to the Foundation—and every group member is expected to read his Great Books in these editions. Sets of readings for four years are now available. At present the Regnery Company, like the Foundation, is obviously operating at a loss in this program; but any considerable multiplication of discussion groups would, no less obviously, make the publication of these texts a profitable business and put the Foundation on a self-supporting basis.

And what, precisely, are the Great Books that are being distributed by the Foundation and read by steadily increasing groups of professional men and women, housewives, laborers, artists, idlers—in short, readers of all sorts—many of whom have only dimly remembered bits and pieces of a secondary-school education to draw upon for the material of comparative thinking, and most of whom have long since lost the knack of study, even if they ever had it? Well, lists are usually considered dull things, but in this case a list is essential, and I do not think that it is really dull. So here are the Foundation's texts for the first year:

1. Declaration of Independence; Old Testament (I Kings 21, II Samuel 11, 12). 2. Plato: "Apology," "Crito." 3. Plato: "Republic," Books I-II. 4. Thucydides: "History," Selections. 5. Aristophanes: "Lysistrata," "Birds," "Clouds." 6. Aristotle: "Ethics," Book I. 7. Aristotle: "Politics," Book I. 8. Plutarch: "Lycurgus," "Numa," "Alexander," "Caesar." 9. St. Augustine: "Confessions," Books I-VIII. 10. St. Thomas Aquinas: "Treatise on Law," Selections. 11. Machiavelli: "The Prince." 12. Montaigne: Selected Essays. 13. "Hamlet." 14. Locke: "Of Civil Government" (Second Essay). 15. Rousseau: "The Social Contract,"

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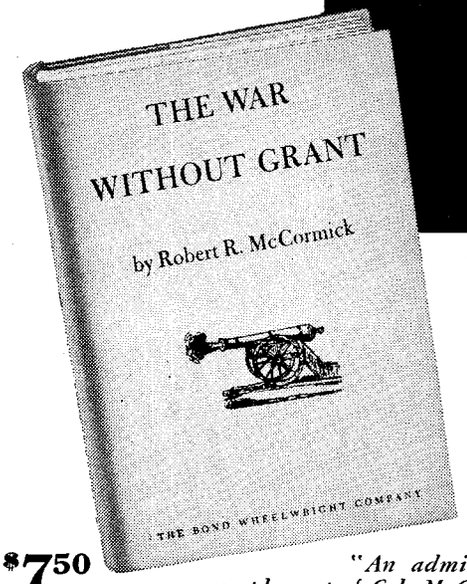
Books I-II. 16. "Federalist Papers," Selections; "Constitution." 17. Smith: "The Wealth of Nations," Book I. 18. Marx: "Communist Manifesto."

This first-year program gives a fair idea of the character of the whole four-year scheme: the emphasis is heavily on the ancients rather than the moderns; few works of later date than the eighteenth century find a place among the Great Books; there is little history, and the most recent event dealt with by a historian is the rise of Christianity; many works are read only in part, and a large proportion of the texts must be read in translation, for a quick count shows that twenty-four of them were originally written in Greek, eleven in French, seven in Latin, four in German, four in Hebrew, two in Italian, one in Russian, and one in Old German. It should be added that the later reading lists contain a number of works of rather more special interest than any contained in the first-year program—with the possible exception of Aquinas's "Treatise on Law"—and that these include Lavoisier's "Elements of Chemistry, Part I," Kant's "Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Morals," selections from Hippocrates, the first book of Sextus Empiricus's "Outlines of Pyrrhonism," and Harvey's "The Motion of the Heart and Blood." Perhaps it is worth while to note, in passing, that the Old Testament is represented, but not the New, and that all the science is more or less obsolete. It should be added that during the entire course only one work of prose fiction is touched, and that lightly, one of the last assignments of the fourth year being a few selections from Dostoievsky's "The Brothers Karamazov."

During each year's course the group works its way down the centuries, often returning to authors and sometimes even books previously encountered; for example, Plato and Augustine's "Confessions" is split, somewhat irrationally, between the first year and the fourth. The second year begins with the "Odyssey" complete and concludes, oddly enough, with Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism." Admirable though Tawney may be, one is surprised to find him in this company. The third year carries the ground from "Prometheus Bound" and the "Book of Job" to Freud's "Origin and Development of Psychoanalysis," while the fourth starts with Hippocrates and ends with selections from James's "Pragmatism."

The first question that suggests itself regarding this program is a double one: what does the Foundation aim to give, and what do the group members aim to gain? The second and comprehensive question regarding the scheme is: will it, does it, work?

As for the Foundation's objective, there is no reason to think that it is anything but just what it is announced to be, in words already quoted: "to provide the means of genuine liberal education for all adults," according to the best lights of the Foundation's officers, directors, and advisers. As for the desires motivating individual group members, they must be various. Back in the twelfth century St. Bernard of Clairvaux, with a cynicism not usually associated with saintliness, declared: "Some wish to know that they may know, and this is curiosity; some that they may be known, and this is vanity; some that they may be enriched, and this is covetousness." These motives, far older than St. Bernard, are still active among us, and it may be assumed that the first two, but hardly the third, are strong recruiting agents for the Great Books program. To know what lies behind those famous books and titles—that, indeed, is a tempting prospect! To be able to shine among one's fellows by a parade of new-found knowledge—that, indeed, is a temptation that even many good men and women cannot resist! But it is also certain that many come to the Great Books in the hope of discovering truth, or rather enduring truths, by which they may



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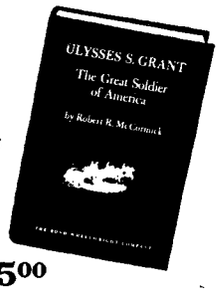

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try to order their lives; and the assumption that this is exactly what these books have to offer is, as I understand it, the assumption that underlies the Columbia and Chicago courses, the St. John's curriculum, and the Great Books Foundation.

We come, then, to the question of the scheme's workability. But first we must at least skirt another question, with the admission that space is lacking for a full consideration of it. Is this program the best possible, or even a reasonable, reading program for the average adult, whose reading time is presumably limited and whose earlier education has been in the majority of instances sadly deficient? My own answer is a hearty negative. I cannot believe that the average member of the average Great Books group would not be better employed in giving four hours a week to modern history or the world's best novels or the best modern poetry or biographies more modern than Plutarch's or books on important present problems, than in spending four hours a week—to take a few titles at random—on Calvin's "Institutes," Lucretius's "On the Nature of Things," Montaigne's "Apology for Raimond de Sebonde," Bacon's "Novum Organum," Aquinas's "Treatise on Law," Hobbes's "Leviathan," or Descartes's "Discourse on Method." And I am sure that the same average reader would be far more sensibly employed in reading a series of modern popular scientific textbooks than in sitting at the venerable feet of Hippocrates, Lavoisier, Harvey, and Galileo. Indeed, my certainty in this matter is fortified by high authority, for Bertrand Russell has said: "I think the 'Best Hundred Book' people are utterly absurd on the scientific side. The broad rule is: historical approach where truth is unattainable, but not in a subject like mathematics or anatomy (they read Harvey!)."

But, even granting that the curriculum is right, is the scheme practicable? Again I find myself on the negative side, for several reasons: (1) I do not believe that every person of average intelligence can, unaided and without previous training, read any and all of the Great Books. (2) I do believe that many, if not most, of the Great Books cannot be read intelligently without supplementary information or tutorial explanation, both of which are unnecessary according to the spokesmen for the Foundation. (3) I am sure that the requirements for successful group leadership are much rarer than the Foundation's directors and regional representatives would like to believe. (4) I am far from sure that the so-called Socratic method is the most efficient way of learning for students whose time is strictly limited.

The proponents of the Great Books plan are unanimous in their insistence that these books are, in Mr. Adler's words, "readable by anyone without the aid of special instruction," even the mathematical and scientific classics, if "read in their historical order." Indeed, Mr. Adler asserts glibly that these works "were intended for beginners," apparently basing this remarkable statement on the fact that the authors were often beginners or pioneers in their fields. But at the same time Mr. Adler recounts his own experience with this same course of reading, telling us that when he was called upon to teach the Honors course which he had completed under Erskine, "As time went on, I found out not only that I did not know very much about any of these books, but also that I did not know how to read very well." Furthermore, he informs us that it was not until he had been teaching from these books for some sixteen years at Columbia and Chicago that he could say with confidence: "I think I have gradually learned to read a little better." If this story of a brilliant and professional student, well prepared, expertly led, is even partially true—and one must make a generous allowance for mock-modesty—what can we reasonably expect of Mrs. Smith who never finished high school, and of Mr. Jones who barely squeezed through college, when they tackle the same books that so long withheld their dearest secrets from Mr. Adler?

Another basic assumption of the program is that every Great Book is self-sufficient and self-explanatory. But this is demonstrably untrue. We cannot really understand Machiavelli's "Prince," for example, unless we are familiar with its historical background and the personal experiences of its author. The comedies of "Aristophanes"—three of them first-year reading—are incomprehensible without a knowledge of the society from which they sprang, and without much detailed information that is usually furnished by a teacher or elaborate footnotes; for, as John Addington Symonds has said, these "plays are very difficult. Their allusions require much learned illustration." And what will Mr. Jones make of Locke's "Second Treatise,"

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"TAKEN AT THE FLOOD"

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., asks you to identify the literary characters whose experiences are briefly described below. Allowing five points for each one you can name and another five for the story in which he appears, a score of sixty is par, seventy-five is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 38.

1. Attempting to save an infant from the on-rushing water that submerged an entire valley, this rough member of a mining camp died clutching the dead child in his arms.
2. In answer to a prayer for rain from Denver by radio, this character turned a watering can on the city with such thoroughness that dams burst, houses were washed away, and crops were ruined.
3. During a convention of the Honorable Order of Mammals held in Atlantic City this woman accurately prophesied a deluge which only a handful of people were to survive.
4. While men battled with a threatening overflowing stream, this girl gave birth to a still-born child.
5. He kept a record of the flood that ruined London when the moon dropped into the Atlantic Ocean displacing most of the water.
6. Somewhat unhinged by the violent death of her brother and her sweetheart's father, she ignored the flood warnings of her neighbors because she wanted to die, but was saved from drowning by a nail in the attic window which caught her clothes.
7. Alone in a fragile pleasure-boat, this young daughter of American missionaries in India braved a terrific flood to find a cynical man who did not know she loved him.
8. Bored with forced idleness due to the inundation of his fields by swollen rivers, this Chinese farmer found amusement and his so-called second wife in a city tearoom.
9. Facing death on a flooded island, this inspired young preacher recaptured from his congregation the respect he had lost when he married a girl in a gypsy ceremony.
10. By rowing a boat to the upstairs window of her forbidden home, this misjudged sister rescued her brother only to drown with him a little later when they struck a floating mass.

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if he does not at least know that it was a reply to Filmer's "Patriarcha," and an attempt to justify the glorious revolution of 1688? Will Mrs. Smith who never finished high school understand the words before her when she opens her Thucydides and reads of "the death of Eurystheus, king of Mycenae, who was slain in Attica by the Heraclidae"? (The leaders, remember, are forbidden to answer questions.)

And what of the leaders themselves—they who sit in the place of Socrates? What are their required qualifications? A Foundation leaflet, "What It Takes to Be a Great Books Leader," tells us that so far as formal education is concerned "*none*" is required. "Ability to read intelligently and think clearly is what makes a good discussion leader. [The very ability that Mr. Adler himself believes to be so rare.] More important than formal education, too, is liking for people and a sense of humor." The leaders are trained by Foundation representatives, "over a period of at least nine two-hour-long evening meetings," four of which are demonstration meetings and five practice sessions. The leaders are expected to "average six hours over a two-week period in preparation for each meeting." They are instructed: "Never Answer, Never Tell, Never Lecture, Never Sum Up—Never!" Their stock in trade consists largely of such questions as "Why?," "How?," "So What?," and "Do you agree, Mr. Jones?" The Foundation furnishes a "Leaders' Aid" in connection with every book to be discussed, but it is up to each leader to direct the discussion, if he can, into what he considers the most profitable channels.

What we have, then, in the Great Books scheme is the attempted employment of the Socratic method — that most arduous of all intellectual disciplines—by volunteer leaders of miscellaneous groups, who are encouraged to assume leadership without special qualifications and with only a brief training in the extremely difficult art they are supposed to practise. It is obvious that such a system of cooperative study must be extremely wasteful of time; any direct statement that might save time is forbidden to the leaders. Even with a Socrates in the chair, the Socratic method is notable for its leisureliness; it is far from the ideal method for students who are pressed for time. And, without a Socrates or at least a master of the Socratic technique, the proceedings are almost certain to degenerate into a muddle of blind-alley arguments, profitless repetitions, irrelevant remarks, silly opinions, and fundamental misunderstandings. This, in fact, is exactly what happened at a Great Books session which I attended, and one which, I was assured by a Foundation field worker, was a meeting of average quality.

The Great Book of the evening was Lucretius's "On the Nature of Things." It quickly became apparent that two or three men, one of them a professor of mathematics, were able to discuss the poet-philosopher intelligently; but no less quickly it became obvious that the other twenty-odd men and women knew no more about what Lucretius had to say than—to borrow a favorite expression of my grandfather's—a goose knows about God. And the twenty-odd left knowing as little as when they arrived, for it is not part of the Great Books scheme to encourage lectures by the more intelligent or better informed members of a group. The leaders vainly fought a losing battle. The group talked all round Lucretius, digressed, stalled, matched ignorance against ignorance, and bobbed up with the most bizarre personal opinions and prejudices; but only briefly, thanks to the few members already mentioned, did it ever come to grips with the subject. My most cherished jewel of the evening is the reply of a lady who was questioned regarding Lucretius's conception of the gods: "Well!" she exclaimed, and her voice quivered with distaste, "as far as I can see he thinks the gods are just as horrible as men, only bigger!"

Summing up, it seems to me that the Great Books Foundation is nobly dedicated to a beautiful but largely unrealizable ideal. I do not doubt that carefully selected groups of intelligent, well-prepared members can get much benefit from the program, and profit greatly by testing their wits against those of their peers and superiors. It is the value of the program to the average group that I so strongly question. It is the wholesale character of the Foundation's enterprise — addressed to "all adults" — that makes me shake my head in disagreement. But what a beautiful ideal it is! Who would not wish to know and understand the best thoughts of the finest minds of all the ages? Were there but world enough and time. . . . Ah, yes, and enough intelligence, too.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

which the typical GI of '77 took events, he went back to his weather-beaten marquee and consigned the unfinished letter to the flames. Since Mr. Mason destroys his own evidence it would seem difficult to controvert him. But the spirit of Scrooge cannot be entirely suppressed even at Yuletide, and for the sake of historical probity this reviewer must dissent. A resignation by Washington at the moment when he was under the most intense sniping from politicians and the Conway Cabal is completely out of character. Only a short time later he wrote that "no person ever heard me drop an expression that had a tendency to resignation. To report a design of this kind is among the arts which those who are endeavoring to effect a change are practising to bring it to pass." No, Washington had his back up on Christmas Eve of '77 and was in a fighting not a quitting mood.

With this reservation, Mr. Mason's simple tale should be prescribed reading for jittery Americans whose thoughts are with an American army facing the bleak prospect of Christmas along the inhospitable Manchurian border. They, too, will see it through.

—RICHARD B. MORRIS.

THE SHORT STORIES OF MARK VAN DOREN, by Mark Van Doren. Abelard Press. $4. Almost without exception the best of these stories are those about children or an adult's memories of childhood. "Dollar Bill," for example, is the nostalgic recollection of a fussy middle-aged man who, before retiring to the snug world of a Pullman berth, unsuccessfully attempts to obtain some food to make his isolation more complete and more happy. Lying hungry in the dark world of his lower berth he remembers his childhood, a trip to a county fair and his yearnings for a nickel hamburger he could not afford to buy. Mr. Van Doren's best stories are similarly unpretentious and equally effective: a child at a family reunion discovers that one of his vaunted ancestors is insane ("One of the Garretsons"), a man remembers insignificant childhood experiences with a brother later killed in the war ("In What Far Country"), a solitary youth learns about life and guilt by peering through a window ("The Watchman").

Most of the other stories are simply dull, so dull, indeed, that it is difficult to believe that Mr. Van Doren could have written them. Characteristic of the author at his worst is "Miss Swallow," a grotesque hodgepodge about an odd bird of a secretary who, oddly enough, turns *into* a bird and flits out of an office window. Such a story is obviously a joke of some sort, but I am not at all sure whose ribs Mr. Van Doren is nudging. Judged as an out-and-out burlesque or as an allegory cluttered up with meaningless symbols, it is a failure. The same, unfortunately, is true of most of its companion pieces.

—WILLIAM PEDEN.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?, by Nigel Balchin. Houghton Mifflin. $3. British novelist Nigel Balchin is probably most familiar to Americans as author of the book and screenplay "Mine Own Executioner." The theme of his latest novel poses one of the more complex problems of modern society: to what extent, if any, should a democratic government interfere with scientific progress during peace time? Mr. Balchin contrives to dramatize this question with some conviction through Messrs. Sewell, Shole, and Marriott, British biologists engaged in making some "fairly original studies of the mechanism of epidemic."

Neither he nor they, however, seem able to find a satisfactory answer. All are agreed, without question, that in wartime such interference is right and proper, but otherwise what justification can there be for withholding a document that may save half a million lives annually? The Government contends that an enemy could use this biological lifesaver as a deadly weapon, whereupon the scientist rebels against the illogicality of such reasoning but submits to the power of the powers that be. Finally resigned to seeing his report go unpublished, Professor Sewell applies the balm to his and Dr. Shole's ego by saying, "But it isn't really the loss to the human race that hurts us when you come down to it. It's the loss to *us*. The stuff's there when people want it, and one day they will."

Mr. Balchin is quite adept at exposing the fallibilities of a bureaucratic government, at building suspense, and creating the atmosphere for an interesting love affair. But the reader is completely let down when Marriott's affair with Lucy dissolves after a brief hand-holding session, when Marriott gets cold feet about showing Sewell's report to some spurious characters, and Sewell himself meekly accepts the Lord President's decisions. What promises to be an exciting story turns into a humdrum affair.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

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BOOTSTRAPS OF FREE MEN

(*Continued from page 8*)

are we dilettantes. We are not doing this in order to compete on "Information, Please" or to outshine the silver at dinner parties. We are seeking a liberal education. We discuss the great books as exemplary works of liberal art; when taken together they represent the substance of our civilization in so far as it has been recorded in words.

Now Mr. Redman does not deny that the great books are great. "Who would not wish to know the best thoughts of the finest minds of all the ages?" he asks. He simply denies that average men can do it, and he offers as evidence for his cynical conclusion a report on one Great Books meeting which he attended. He observed that the group talked all around the subject, "digressed, stalled, matched ignorance against ignorance, and bobbed up with the most bizarre personal opinions and prejudices." Frankly, we have observed these difficulties in the early discussions of some of our St. Louis groups, but we know that the same terms could be used to describe the way these same people deliberate about crucial personal and political questions at home and at work. We see in some of the early discussions a reflection of the well-known fact that many people do not know how to read or to talk to each other. But we are inspired by what we see, for here are people who are doing something about the defects which are a danger to a free community.

However, Mr. Redman contends that only "carefully selected groups of intelligent, well-prepared members can get much benefit from the program." His view of liberal education is like the old definition of a bank: an institution that will lend money to those that can prove that they don't need it. Some of the participants in our St. Louis groups have had very little formal education; others hold higher degrees. Neither extreme has seemed seriously handicapped in this effort at self-education. Special knowledge about the subject is not required to read the great books; they represent original contributions to knowledge. In this sense they were written for beginners. Of course, the more skilful the reader becomes, the more rewarding his reading will be. The best way to acquire reading skill is to read and discuss the best books. They are elevating because they are always a little over everyone's head; we have to lift our heads to understand them. And the older we get the more meaningful these imperish-

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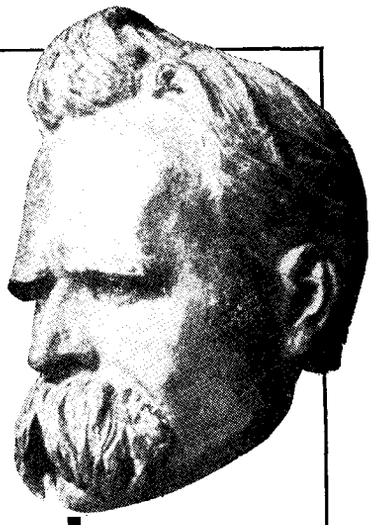

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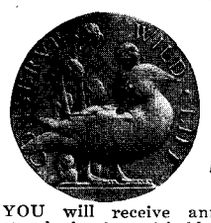

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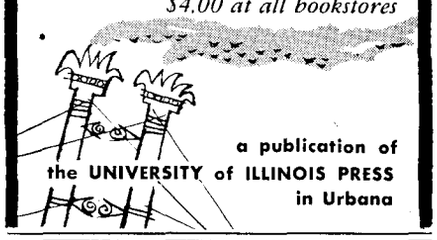

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able reflections on human experience become. A skilful reader who knows how to interpret words in their proper context should have no trouble understanding Mortimer Adler when he says that a beginner may start reading great books though it may take time before he can read them well.

Special knowledge about the author and his period is not necessary for a fruitful discussion of the ideas in a book. Some members are stimulated by the discussions to do collateral reading, but groups which permit supplementary information to be brought into their two-hour meetings usually run into trouble; the great ideas are sidetracked. Mr. Redman insists that Machiavelli's "Prince" cannot be understood unless we are familiar with its historical background and the personal experiences of its author. We have found that a St. Louisan's familiarity with the politics of Missouri and the world is adequate for grasping the ideas of Machiavelli. What does Mr. Redman's knowledge of the personal life of Homer have to do with his appreciation of the "Odyssey"?

Our St. Louis experience indicates that Mr. Redman is right in saying that our sights have not always been set high enough in choosing leaders for the groups. We are now selecting the volunteer leaders more carefully. However, an analysis of the performances of more than one hundred and fifty leaders in our city does not show that a special academic background is necessary. A learned professor suppressed discussion and wrecked his group in his anxiety to share his vast knowledge with the members. One of our most successful leaders is a small businessman who did not go to college; when, in all sincerity, he asks a member to put the author's argument in words which he can understand, that member starts to think. Mr. Redman says that it takes an expert to use the Socratic method. Socrates sized up the experts and found that "the men most in repute were all but the most foolish."

Mr. Redman's basic objection to the Socratic method is that it takes a lot of time. He is right, but we know that there is no short cut to a liberal education. Some very bright people drop out because they are impatient with the group's progress; others drop out because they will not take the time to keep up with the group. Of course, Mr. Redman knows that most of us have plenty of time on our hands now that the work week has been shortened. However, television might put an end to all reading unless the magazine publishers can provide us with a condensation of *Quick*.

I wish that Mr. Redman would spend three years with that Great Books group which he once visited, and then write another article. It would be an inspiring story of how free men can use their time to raise themselves by their collective bootstraps to a new life of learning. He would find that some of the minds are being liberated from prejudices and preoccupations which have been submitted to critical examination in many spirited discussions. Participants who had regarded the early meetings as occasions for winning arguments are now approaching the discussions as cooperative efforts to find the truth. Those who had been quick to take a stand on every question have learned that they should be able to say "I understand" before saying "I agree" or "I disagree." They have become more tolerant of their differences and more hopeful of composing them through the exercise of reason. They have become more skilful readers and conversationalists and have begun to feel at home in a new universe of discourse. The frustration of some of the early discussions is forgotten in the delight that comes with the group's new competence in grasping great ideas. The members are having a wonderful time. They are finding that there is at least as much joy in exchanging ideas as in exchanging market quotations, batting averages, and gossip.

People belonging to all of St. Louis's main social, religious, and political groups are participating in the program. In a city in which segregation is the rule in the public schools the races have mixed happily in Great Books groups. We have a common heritage which we are exploring together. Since friendships are formed through intelligent communication, this is one of the finest friend-forming forces our city has ever seen.

Last year the United States Government sent a German adult educator to St. Louis to see whether we had anything that was fit for export. When

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Kentuck, in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte. 2. Aquarius, in "Heavenly Discourse," by Charles E. S. Wood. 3. Fortune Teller, in "The Skin of Our Teeth," by Thornton Wilder. 4. Rose of Sharon in "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck. 5. Edgar Hopkins, in "The Hopkins Manuscript," by R. C. Sherriff. 6. Mary Rafferty, in "The Valley of Decision," by Marcia Davenport. 7. Fern Simon, in "The Rains Came," by Louis Bromfield. 8. Wang Lung, in "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck. 9. Gavin Disheart, in "The Little Minister," by James M. Barrie. 10. Maggie Tulliver, in "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot.

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our German visitor first saw a Great Books group she argued that the discussion could not be worth while without a learned authority on hand to tell the people what to think. Months later she wrote from Germany that she had organized a group in her community and that she was convinced that it was the best way to get people to think for themselves. A German newspaper reprinted from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* a page of pictures of one of our groups. The German editor commented: "The small parliaments of plain people sitting near the Mississippi to discuss important questions are a rare sight in our eyes. Each can speak as he wishes and the ardor with which merchants and artisans, stenographers and housewives plunge into these discussions is truly astonishing."

We know that free men will have to think for themselves about the issues raised in the great books if they are to remain free.

Two thousand years ago Quintilian wrote the following:

> For there is absolutely no foundation for the complaint that but few men have the power to take in the knowledge that is imparted to them, and that the majority are so slow of understanding that education is a waste of time and labor. On the contrary you will find that most are quick to reason and ready to learn. Reasoning comes as naturally to man as flying to birds, speed to horses and ferocity to beasts of prey: our minds are endowed by nature with such activity and sagacity that the soul is believed to produced from heaven. Those who are dull and unteachable are as abnormal as prodigious births and monstrosities, and are but few in number.

We have seen some inspiring evidence in St. Louis (and in a few hundred other communities) which suggests that Quintilian was right and Redman is wrong.

Raymond H. Wittcoff, a St. Louis businessman, is president of the Adult Education Council of Greater St. Louis and member of the board of directors of the Great Books Foundation.

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  - Carmen: *Flower Song*
- ☐ La Bohème: *Che gelida manina*
- ☐ Aïda: *Celeste Aïda*
- ☐ Granada
- ☐ O Sole Mio

MINDY CARSON

- ☐ If I Were a Bell / Just For A While
- ☐ Parade of the Wooden Soldiers / Toymaker's Dream (Children's Record)
- ☐ A Rainy Day Refrain / Looks Like a Cold, Cold Winter
- ☐ You're Not in My Arms Tonight / The Touch of Your Lips

HOWDY DOODY

- ☐ Howdy Doody and his Air-O-Doodle
- ☐ Howdy Doody's Laughing Circus

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The New Recordings

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CHORAL WORKS—BAROQUE AND HIGH-BAROQUE

BACH: CANTATA #78, "JESU, DER DU MEINE SEELE." Bavarian Radio Choir, Chamber Orch., soloists, Jos. Kugler.
Mercury LP: MG 15010 (10″)

BACH: CANTATA #21, "ICH HATTE VIEL BEKUMMERNIS."
Bach Guild LP: BG 501

BACH: CANTATAS #46, "SCHAUET DOCH"; #104, "DU HIRTE, ISRAEL."
Bach Guild LP: BG 503

BACH: CANTATAS #34, "O EWIGES FEUER"; #56, "ICH WILL DEN KREUZSTAB."
Bach Guild LP: BG 502

All of above: Vienna Chamber Choir, Vienna Symphony, Sternberg; Rosl Schwaiger, Lorna Sydney, Hugues Cuenod, Alois Pernerstorfer, asst. instr. soloists.

Biggest LP benefit is resurrection of great music formerly given much paper acknowledgement, no actual performance. Haydn symphonies, Vivaldi concertos, Bach cantatas are notable examples—little of this music has been recorded, let alone heard before.

Mercury's Cantata #78 has one of the grandest chorus-orchestra sounds I've yet heard; the rich, sluggish intensity of this chorus is good for long, rich Bach lines. Chorus-orch. balance excellent, words clear. But solos are Wagnerian; too close and loud for comfort. Good job technically.

The Bach Guild's offerings are mixed blessing. Yes, conductor is to blame for rigid, badly chosen tempi, unrhythmic pounding in big choral numbers, some very bad moments of lost ensemble. But there are top musicians among these performers who play well—conductor or no. Much of the music gets through in spite of conductor. Excellent recording, with great clarity, is a joy. Tremendous research preparation — reconstituted scores, most interesting old instruments (organ, trumpets, etc.)—must be acknowledged with our thanks. Above all, here, at last, is the music itself in actual performance, a major constructive step that must not be denied! Let's have more soon—with better directorship.

Notes: #21 is tremendous double-cantata, ranking with B minor Mass, Passions; mixing of solo quartet and chorus most unusual in Bach. #46 includes original of "Qui tollis," B mi. Mass; #104 is an ultra-lyric, pastoral work, easy listening. #34 has brilliant trumpets for "eternal fire"; #56 is for bass solo.

MOZART: "VESPERAE SOLENNES DE CONFESSORE," K. 339. Bavarian Radio Choir, Orch., soloists, Jos. Kugler.
Mercury LP: MG 15014 (10″)

HAYDN: "MISSA CELLENSIS" IN C ("MARIAZELLERMESSE). Vienna Academy Choir, Vienna Symphony, soloists, Gillesberger.
Haydn Society LP: HSLP 2011

Here are typical Austro-German performances of this music, competent, in accepted manner. Yet how obviously unsuited to the late 18th c. vocal writing are today's voices! The 18th c. voice was trained for lightness, accuracy, and rapidity of movement; Handel's Faustina could sing difficult leaps, rapid notes, trills—their "execution was equally easy to her as to any instrument whatever" and this was the ideal. Our voices, trained for volume, sustaining power, are unlithe, vibrato-ridden, no match for instrumental dexterity.

If one accepts the vocal limitations, both of these rate as good present-day renderings, though hardly tops. In both, chorus simply cannot achieve the light, clear attack, transparent harmony obviously intended (and heard in the instrumental parts), nor are soloists much better. Even so, the intentions are musical and communicative! High-Baroque works, decorative, secular, spirited, built like light-hearted symphonies with lively orchestral accompaniments. "Cellensis" is poorly balanced: orch. too close, chorus in background. "Vesperae" is better, with chorus more prominent. (But their Bach above is better done.)

MOZART: GREAT MASS IN C MINOR, K. 427 (ORIGINAL INCOMPLETE WORK). Vienna Academy Choir, Vienna Symphony, soloists, Von Zallinger.
Haydn Society LP: HSLP 2006 (2)

This truncated colossus, on scale of "Requiem," is here done minus movements added in 19th-century to make complete Mass. A mixed piece, with some of very greatest of serious Mozart, several lovely early-style lyric arias, some rather pompous fugue making. Two sopranos here, Rosl Schwaiger and Hertha Toepper, give beautiful performances, esp. the former, who is a modern Faustina. Over-all feeling is a bit cautious, academic; much chorus work is good (less florid, more heavily Handelian music than in above works), orch. very good. A great work and deservedly recorded.

SCHÜTZ: "WEIHNACHTS-HISTORIE" ("THE CHRISTMAS STORY") (ed. Arthur Mendel). Cantata Singers, Orchestra, Mendel; Wm. Hess, narr.
REB LP: REB 3

Recorded by Robert Blake (REB) and a model of good tape work in this complex medium — chorus, soloists, trumpets, recorders, trombones, strings, in ultra-live church setting. Beautifully balanced.

A refreshing 17th c. complement to later works above and a delight in its simple, free, colorful setting of familiar texts. Nicely done, with clear diction — Schütz essential—excellent instruments, good chorus.
—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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HISTORY

(*Continued from page 20*)

gests in the subtitle, but the key is neglected. The Queen of Scots is portrayed here too largely in Masefield's terms as

The most gracious, courteous, royal lady
That ever was betrayed by brutal men . . .

THE SPANIARDS IN THEIR HISTORY, by Ramón Menéndez Pidal. Translated, with a prefatory essay on the author's work, by Walter Starkie. Norton. $3. Ramón Menéndez Pidal, at eighty the "foremost humanist of the Hispanic world" and director of the Royal Spanish Academy, is almost unknown to readers in this country although he lectured at Columbia University forty years ago. Walter Starkie's lengthy introduction (it occupies roughly half the volume under review) burns with such sincere admiration for Pidal as a man and a scholar that it should shame us for our previous neglect. His vigorous translation of the master's latest essay and the helpful but never intrusive annotations he has supplied increase the value and timeliness of the treatise.

Of some thirty major works that Señor Pidal has written or edited "The Spaniards in Their History" has perhaps the most immediate interest for foreigners. It accounts for and evaluates the dominant characteristics of an enigmatic people, their austerity, idealism, and individualism, the conflict between regionalism and centralization that runs through their history, their pride, exclusiveness, and conservatism.

The most admirable and the most regrettable traits of the medieval mind have survived in Spain. While other Western European peoples, yielding to the doctrine of progress, came to regard change as beneficial and the new as better than the old, the Spaniard persisted in his misoneism. To him what was new was suspect—"to say *novedad* or novelty was the same as to say *no verdad*, no verity." Spain was not unstirred by the forces of modernity but instead of yielding it resisted them. The result was the peculiar blend of tension and apathy, courtliness and fanaticism, pride and pessimism that baffles the alien observer. "Spanish Quixotism," in the words of Miguel de Unamuno, "is nothing but the despairing struggle of the Middle Ages against the Renaissance."

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

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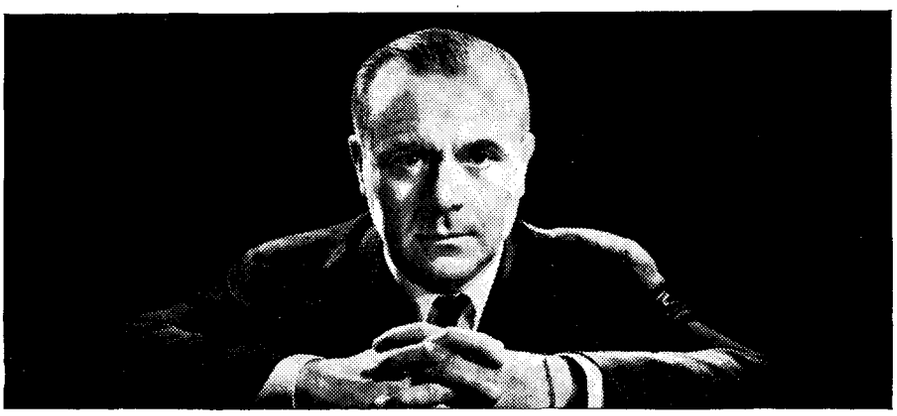

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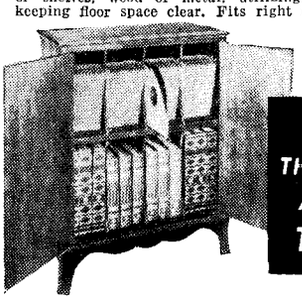

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INSURANCE FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AN UNUSUALLY long Indian Summer has made preparations for Christmas here in New York seem a bit premature. But in the book world, and especially in the world of children's books, November has been a rich and rewarding month. The Book Fair brought thousands of boys and girls to the American Museum of Natural History, where they were welcomed by some large stuffed monkeys, dressed in appropriate costumes, acting as guides to the attractive little "shops" where the books were arranged under subject. From the Fairy Tale shop, where the monkey wore a golden crown, the children trooped to the auditorium where they watched and listened to the old folk and fairy tales played and pantomimed by various amateur groups. Upstairs the older boys and girls gathered every afternoon to hear prominent speakers discuss their books on timely subjects. Artists painted pictures and authors talked about their stories for everyone who cared to listen. The air was electric with the energy and enthusiasm of the children.

Great credit for the organization and success of the Fair should go to the three groups that sponsored it. It must have entailed a huge amount of work, but it brought the value of books to thousands of young people in a particularly colorful, dramatic way.

This goes to press before there are many Christmas trees on the streets but the shop windows are beginning to be decorated for the holiday season. Christmas time is in the air. To everyone, young and old, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY. As told by St. Luke and St. Matthew. Edited by Marguerite Northrup. Illustrated with Paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the National Gallery of Art. New York: Pantheon Books. 31 *pp.* $2.95.

IT WOULD be difficult to imagine a more beautiful Christmas gift to a child or to a family than this. In color printing that faithfully reproduces the original, a series of paintings, chiefly from Italian artists, tells the story of the Christ Child. On the page opposite the painting are the words from St. Luke and St. Matthew, printed on a heavy cream-colored paper with very wide margins. It must be a matter of pride to all Americans that these famous paintings are in this country, in two free museums, where everyone, old or young, rich or poor, can see them. The series begins with a reproduction of the gold and enamel figures of three annunciation angels, fifteenth-century Italian, and ends with Raphael's "Madonna and Child Enthroned with Saints" from the Metropolitan Museum.

—From "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe."

THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE. By C. S. Lewis. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 164 *pp.* $2.50.

LIKE George McDonald's "The Princess and the Goblin," this story by a distinguished English writer has an underlying meaning in its theme. It tells of the struggle between good and evil in terms that make it a dramatic story. Good is personified in the great golden lion, Aslan; evil in the White Witch. The imaginative country that they inhabit is called Narnia, and the children in the story reach it through a wardrobe in an old English country house. Edmund, the youngest boy, is tempted to side with the White Witch, gets into her power, and is finally rescued by Aslan and the others. There is a tremendous battle between Aslan and the "good" forest people and the witch and her evil followers. The four children meet strange creatures in Narnia, some of them admirably characterized. Perhaps the most appealing are the two beavers who tell the children about Aslan and lead them to him. There is a homely wisdom and a humor in the beaver and his good wife that bring them into vivid contrast with the witch and even with the kingly Aslan.

Some of the word pictures are beautifully drawn. The witch has cast a spell of perpetual winter on the forest. When Aslan's power breaks it, Narnia is filled with the sound of running water and bird songs, with the scent and color of spring flowers. The story is illustrated with black-and-white drawings that effectively bring out the children, Aslan, and the wood creatures of Narnia. It is an exceptionally good new "fairy tale."

THE TRAPP FAMILY BOOK OF CHRISTMAS SONGS. Selected and arranged by Franz Wasner. Illustrated by Agathe Trapp. New York: Pantheon Books. 128 *pp.* $2.75.

IN A beautifully designed book with decorations in red on cream-colored paper Franz Wasner, the chaplain and musical director of the Trapp Family Singers, presents their songs with the music. Both the original language and the translation into English are given and the arrangement of the music is so simple that it can be easily played by the family pianist. There is great variety in the songs, as everyone who has heard the Trapp Family concerts knows—from medieval chants to American folk songs. Perhaps the most beautiful are those that come from the Trapps' native Austria. Recalling the Christmas music that has been sung to happy listeners all over America, this is an invaluable book for those who want to make music at Christmas time.

THE SECOND ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Henry Steele Commager. New York: Random House. 586 *pp.* $5.

THE FIRST *St. Nicholas* anthology was bound in red with decorations in green and gold. The second is bound in green with decorations in red and gold. They make a handsome "twosome." It is inevitable, perhaps, that this one should not be as satis-

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fying in content as the first. The cream of the famous bound volumes was skimmed off in 1948, but there is a good deal of rich milk left for 1950.

The first discovery was the Palmer Cox Brownies which adorn the title page and have several pages for themselves later. Then we found two of Frank Stockton's inimitable fairy tales with the Bensell illustrations. No artist ever has, or ever will, make more perfect drawings for Stockton than E. B. Bensell. Next, one of John Bennett's stories leaped from the page with his gay silhouettes to illustrate it. The Philadelphia Peterkins appeared, and one of Laura E. Richards's nonsense rhymes. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Editha's Burglar," Trowbridge's "Two Biddicut Boys" and "Davy and the Goblin" are here in full. There are some of Rachel Field's earlier poems, a story by Richard Harding Davis which is decidedly "dated," and one by Mary E. Wilkins which "rings true." We had forgotten how good "Ann Mary—Her Two Thanksgivings" was.

Among the important living writers represented are Cornelia Meigs, Dorothy Canfield, Frank Dobie, and Merritt Allen. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham, Kemble, Reginald Birch, Bensell, Palmer Cox, and George Varian enliven the pages. The volume ends with selections from the St. Nicholas League and The Riddle Box.

LUCY'S CHRISTMAS. By Anne Molloy. Illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 46 pp. $2.

THE BEAUTY and realism of John O'Hara Cosgrave's pictures, reproduced in black and white and in color, make this Christmas story of a little girl in Maine a notable book. It is a fresh, appealing story of a New England family who lost their house in the village through fire and went to live in a temporary camp in the woods for the winter. New England independence is evident not only in the father and mother, but in the boys and in little Lucy. Mrs. Brackett could make them comfortable even in a shack in the forest. The boys loved the snow and the wild life in winter. Lucy could be happy, too, but she longed secretly for an "old-time" Christmas and for a new house in the village where her friends were and where life could go on in its pleasant, ordered way. When Mr. Brackett and the boys cut some forest firs to sell as Christmas trees and bring in a bit of much needed money, Lucy wrote a note to "a dear friend" and tied it firmly to one of the trees. How this note brought them a real Christmas and a new house in the village to replace the old is told with humor and a deep understanding of people like the Brackett family and their neighbors.

The drawings of the Maine woods in winter, of the little railroad station, and the village are completely faithful to the background and lovely in design. This New England reviewer finds both text and pictures very refreshing.

THE DOLL'S CHRISTMAS. By Tasha Tudor. New York: Oxford University Press. No paging. $1.50.

Tasha Tudor's lovely drawings in color illustrate this story of three little girls and their dolls at Christmas time. The dolls belonged to Laura and Efner and were called Sethany Ann and Nicey Melinda—which anyone, young or old, will be obliged to admit are fascinating names. They were both old dolls, one "French and very elegant," the other "full of character." The third doll belonged to a cousin and was called Lucy. All the pictures are endlessly interesting, but the most interesting of all is the one of the marionette show. The faces of the watching children, the backs of the little ones who sit on the bench, the tiny stage with the familiar figures of Red Riding Hood and the wolf make it one of the most rewarding of all Tasha Tudor's unusual drawings. Her text in this is longer than in most of her books. Little girls will love it, and their elder sisters will appreciate the art that gives both dolls and children such beauty and such reality.

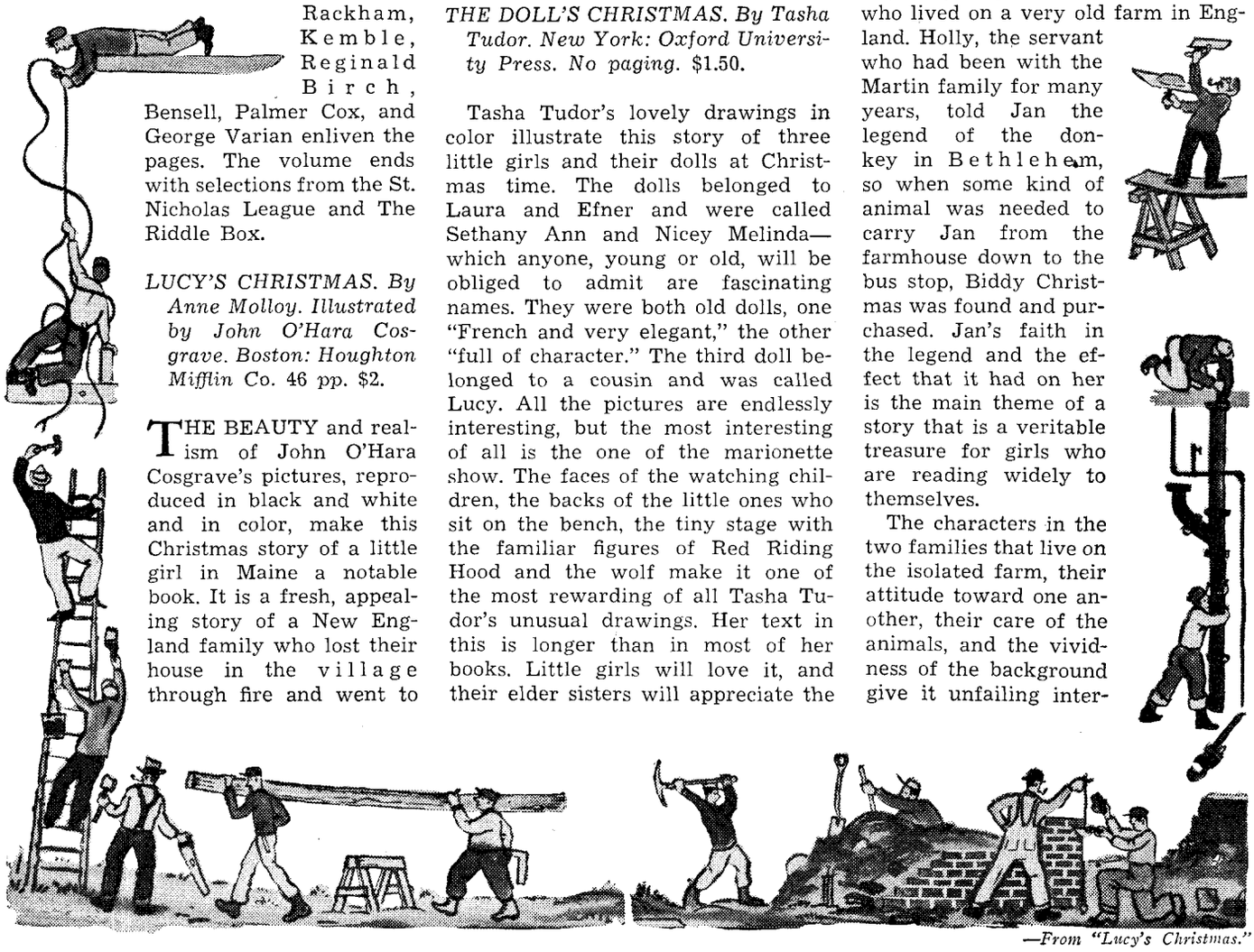
KIKI SKATES. By Charlotte Steiner. New York: Doubleday & Co. No paging. $1.25.

This is a companion story to "Kiki Dances," published last year. In it Kiki goes to spend a winter vacation with her grandmother in the country. In a series of attractive drawings and a simple text Kiki sees her first snow storm from the window of her room, learns to slide and to ski and, finally, to skate. The pictures are printed in red and green. It is an attractive book and one that the children who liked "Kiki Dances" will want to have for a Christmas present.

BIDDY CHRISTMAS. By Priscilla M. Warner. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Doubleday & Co. 214 pp. $2.50.

BIDDY CHRISTMAS was a little gray donkey with the black cross on his back—the cross that first appeared when a gray donkey watched over the Christ Child in a stable in Bethlehem. He belonged to Jan Martin, the youngest of the four children who lived on a very old farm in England. Holly, the servant who had been with the Martin family for many years, told Jan the legend of the donkey in Bethlehem, so when some kind of animal was needed to carry Jan from the farmhouse down to the bus stop, Biddy Christmas was found and purchased. Jan's faith in the legend and the effect that it had on her is the main theme of a story that is a veritable treasure for girls who are reading widely to themselves.

The characters in the two families that live on the isolated farm, their attitude toward one another, their care of the animals, and the vividness of the background give it unfailing inter-



—From "Lucy's Christmas."

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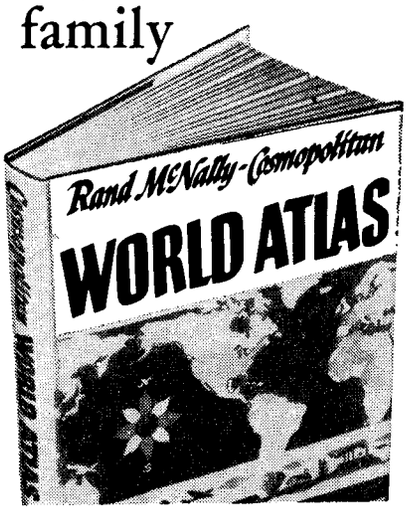

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est and charm. The black-and-white sketches that illustrate it are as attractive as the story itself.

SOME DOGS. Pictures by Anne Marie Jauss. Text by Elinor Parker. New York: Pantheon Books. 48 *pp.*

IN THIS picture book, printed in full color, the artist shows knowledge of and love for dogs and a keen sense of humor. The text is a short, informing history of each breed that the artist paints. Children will need only to look at the title page with its picture of a dachshund and a Scotty having a friendly tussle to want to own the book—if they like dogs, and most boys and girls do.

In the full-page paintings each dog is given his appropriate background. The bloodhound is set against a medieval castle with huntsmen in pursuit of a stag in the background. The French poodle, an irresistible creature, is shown in a city street adorned with a stylish yellow lead and surrounded by high buildings. The St. Bernard is, of course, accompanied by a monk and carries a small keg of brandy, both dog and man silhouetted against snow-covered mountains. The information on the different breeds is excellent, but the greatest value of the book lies in the paintings of man's most loyal friend.

THE CHRISTMAS FOREST. By Louise Fatio. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Aladdin Books. No paging. $1.25.

This amusing little Christmas story tells how Santa Claus fell asleep in the forest on Christmas Eve and how the kindly birds and animals took over the delivery of the Christmas presents and made a very good job of it. Roger Duvoisin's pictures are on every page, reproduced in bright green and red and brown. They are very amusing, too. Little children will especially enjoy the ones where the fox distributes the gift parcels in their gay wrappings from the laden sleigh to the birds and animals eagerly waiting to deliver them, while Santa sleeps peacefully under a pine tree.

I LIKE WINTER. By Lois Lenski. York: Oxford University Press. No paging. $1.

In the format of "Cowboy Small" and other popular little books by Lois Lenski, this has a song with music, a story poem, and some very gay pictures printed in blue, red, and green. It tells of outdoor sports in winter time, of the celebration of Christmas and St. Valentine's Day. The end-papers show a snow storm, white on dark blue, with gay little white figures dancing through the falling flakes.

THIS WAY TO CHRISTMAS. By Ruth Sawyer. With Illustrations by Maginel Wright Barney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 76 *pp.* $2.50.

A new and special holiday edition of the Christmas stories that were told to David when he went to the Green Hills with his Irish nurse, Johanna, and her husband, Barney. Among them is Barney's famous story of the Wee Red Cap. The book was first published in 1924.

CHRISTMAS: A Book of Stories Old and New. Selected by Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrated by Hildegard Woodward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 244 *pp.* $3.

A revised edition of the collection of Christmas poems and stories first published in 1934. It includes a description of Christmas customs in various countries by Miss Dalgliesh and some unusual and lovely carols.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GRIM REHEARSAL *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Kindly Doc Miles's murder seemed senseless until it tied in with other strange doings in a Manhattan theatre. Homicide's Nelson pulls puzzle together.	Broadway atmosphere done to a turn; intelligent detection with no tricks matches good writing about believable people.	One of the better
CASE OF THE VANISHING BEAUTY *Richard S. Prather* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	Shell Scott, Los Angeles hot private eye, mixes with hot beauties, hot guns, and strange cold cults with killings too thick to count.	Opening sentence a honey. After that—proceed at your own risk through the year's prize maze of hair-breadth escapes.	We warned you

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DOSTOIEVSKY: APOCALYPTIC VISIONS

(*Continued from page 21*)

certain that in such a society the individual was bound to be utterly enslaved and degraded.

We are dealing here with ideas central to his thinking. Acute concern for the integrity of the self, respect for the dignity and inviolability of every human being, no matter how insignificant, is of the tissue of his work. By the same token, he implicitly impeaches the forces that trample on the individual, above all, the totalitarian State. His early writings abound in the pathos that the spectacle of the stunted, humbled ego calls forth. That a sick soul is to be feared as well as pitied is demonstrated in a later piece, "Notes from the Underground." This monologue, which starts with sputtering argument and ends with tormented confession, is important both for an understanding of Dostoievsky and of some aspects of current history. A point labored by the undergroundling is that man's inmost desire is to live at his own sweet, foolish will and that he is apt to contrive chaos, indeed, "purposely go mad," merely to prove to himself that he is not "a piano key" played upon by forces over which he has no control. Reason is not competent to answer man's needs. Science cannot legislate for a being only partly within the order of Nature.

Dostoievsky's concern was with the core of the self, with the emotions in that peculiar ambivalence which he was the first novelist to anatomize. But if he was absorbed in these matters and in the intimate problems of morality and faith, he was at the same time engaged with the aspect of man as a social being. The achievement of a true society which would satisfy the claims of the community without injuring the separate, private person—the pivotal problem of our age—was one of his main preoccupations. What will span "the echoing straits" between men, between nations? Not enlightened self-interest, was his answer, but a heightened sense of human fellowship. He envisioned the transformation of States into a universal Church, a confraternity in which all would realize that they were members one of another, so that when one man commits a crime or a sin, all share his guilt. This view, so significant for a generation as burdened with guilt as ours, is expounded in "The Brothers Karamazov."

The world of Dostoievsky's imagination is curiously close to us. And this in spite of the fact that full response to his work is impaired, at least for the secular-minded, because his thought, like his art, both in its affirmations and its denials, moves within the sphere of religion, though he probably never achieved the peace of faith. His job as a novelist, he knew, was to entertain his public, and he toiled at it, for the most part masterfully, though sometimes clumsily. Always, however, he strove to make his tales the vehicle of his convictions and occasionally of his obsessive prejudices, bizarre or worse. He wrote with the urgency of a man who has a vital message to deliver. He regarded his novels, and rightly, as his testament. They attest plainly his powers as a novelist, which have only been touched upon here. Further, indirectly and not without ambiguity, they affirm basic values that we, on this side of the great divide, cherish the more since they are elsewhere in eclipse.

Avrahm Yarmolinsky is author of "Dostoievsky — A Life" as well as many other books on and translations of Russian literature. This is the twelfth of a series of literary revaluations that SRL *is presenting in conjunction with NBC and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*

Savannah Waterfront

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

LIKE an old stevedore the harbor sleeps,
The ships at anchor and the barges tied.
Beyond the mist, a lone star, curious-eyed,
Watches the hesitant darkness as it creeps
In measured patterns till the marsh is one
With sky and river and, far out, the sea—
Lost now and lonely and no longer free,
But bearing still the memory of sun.
There are no voices now to break the spell,
No banjo throws a note across the night;
Only the long slow wash of a drowsy river
That fails to wake the throat of a buoy bell,
Says requiem for a day that has ended forever
In yellow periods of lantern light.

TIME WAS—

and not so long ago—when non-Catholics—and plenty of Catholics—would have approached such a book as

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with a raised eyebrow and a sniff (or a snort, depending on their upbringing). Short stories "by and about Catholics" if you please, and edited by a nun! If you don't know that things have changed somewhat, read one of the stories in this book by Frank O'Connor, Graham Greene, John Steinbeck, Brendan Gill or any of the dozen top-flight writers it contains. You will discover both that Catholic short story writers have grown up and that non-Catholics have taken to writing about Catholics with new understanding. You will also (whatever your religion) enjoy yourself enormously. $3.50

THE CLIFF'S EDGE
Songs of a Psychotic
by EITHNE TABOR

Extraordinary as it seems, the subtitle of this book is literally true. The author is indeed a young girl in a mental institution. The poems are frighteningly real descriptions of the state of her own mind and of her reactions to various treatments. She has one anchor, and only one, to cling to in a world grown altogether unpredictable and terrifying —a strong and unshaken faith in God. $2.00

ART-MAKING FROM MEXICO TO CHINA
by JEAN CHARLOT

An artist writes on present trends in art and on the work of some of his fellow-artists, many of them his friends. Like Chesterton's THE COMMON MAN ($3) this is that rather rare sort of book which is both serious and amusing. $3.00

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

1950 Roundup

DURING the year, a number of films I've seen merited review in these pages, but had to be omitted for reasons of space. To help make up for this unintentional slight, here is a list of those films which for one reason or another deserve the attention of FILM FORUM readers. The films are listed alphabetically within their subject groups. And since there isn't enough space to give a full criticism, I have described them briefly, except for an occasional outburst of comment or evaluation.

The Arts

CHORAL CONCERT. *Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.* Canada's famed Leslie Bell singers, sixty women in all, with "Ay-Ay-Ay," "Echo Song," and "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," among others. (10 *min.*)

COLOR IN CLAY. *Produced by the British Information Services, and distributed in this country by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.* Commercial pottery-making in England, with exceptionally good color reproduction. (11 *min., color.*)

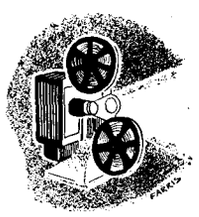
FABLE OF THE PEACOCK. *Produced by Jo Schaeffer; directed and photographed by Dwight Godwin; story, music, and dance by Dr. Wasantha Singh; dance performed by Lakshimi Wana Singh. Distributed by Brandon Films, 1700 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.* An ancient Hindu fable telling of the folly of vanity; charmingly danced and mimed with classical Hindu hand gestures. (10 *min., color.*)

GRANDMA MOSES. *Produced by Falcon Films, and distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.* A woman in her late seventies began painting when she ran out of other ideas, and at ninety has become one of America's most widely known celebrities. In this film the woman and her paintings take on a new depth. Directed by Jerome Hill; photographed by Erica Anderson; music by Hugh Martin; orchestrated by Alec Wilder; commentary written and read by Archibald MacLeish. (22 *min., color.*)

HOPPITY POP. *Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.* A new Norman McLaren animation with small bright figures dancing to calliope music. (3 *min., color.*)

LIGHT REFLECTIONS. *Produced by Jim Davis, and distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.* Abstract patterns of multi-colored light as reflected by forms made of transparent plastic. (15 *min., color.*)

LOOPS and DOTS. *Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.* Two short experimental films by Norman McLaren in which both picture and sound track were drawn by hand directly on to the film. (*Each about* 3 *min., color.*)



MENUHIN. *Produced by Paul Gordon, and distributed by Official Films, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York 19, N. Y.* Camera close-ups show Menuhin's violin skills; Adolph Baller is piano accompanist. The films include selections from Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Bach, Sarasate, etc. Despite the dulness of the production, the films have a certain apparent value. (*Ten one-reel films.*)

THE MOOR'S PAVANE. *Photographed by Walter V. Strate. Distributed by D. D. Livingston, 220 Clinton Street, New York 2, N. Y.* José Limón and others in a modern dance variation on the theme of Othello; with an accompanying reading of selections from the play. (17 *min., black-and-white or color.*)

THE OVERLANDERS, ODD MAN OUT, GREAT EXPECTATIONS. Three lectures-on-film, produced by the British Film Institute for film societies, and available in this country for special use from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. In each of the films a British movie critic discusses and analyzes special portions, using excerpts to illustrate his point. (15, 35, *and* 6 *min.*)

PHOTO FRENZY. *Produced by RKO, and distributed by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West Forty-second Street, New York 18, N. Y.* The influence of the still and motion picture camera, with emphasis on the amateur craze in this country. (20 *min.*)

SIGHT AND SOUND. *Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.* The influence of movies all over the world, with emphasis on the values of classroom films. (11 *min.*)

STEPS OF THE BALLET. *Produced by Crown Film Unit for the British Central Office of Information. Distributed in this country by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.* Dancer Robert Helpmann explains the positions and steps of classical ballet, as well as the functions of others who share in producing a finished ballet. Made by the team who produced "Instruments of the Orchestra," but not as excellent. (23 *min.*)

Family & Personal Problems

CHILD DEVELOPMENT. *Five films produced by Crawley Films, and distributed by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West Forty-second Street, New York 18, N. Y.* Titles: "Principles of Development" (17 *min.*); "Heredity and Pre-Natal Developments" (21 *min.*); "Child Care and Development" (17 *min.*); "Children's Emotions" (22 *min.*); "Social Development" (16 *min.*). Correlated with Dr. Elizabeth Hurlock's textbook by the same title, the films show normal developmental patterns as seen in everyday situations. Produced under the supervision of Judith Crawley.

DATE OF BIRTH. *Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.* An effective and important plea to end employer discrimination against older men (15 *min.*)

FAMILY CIRCLES. *Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed in this country by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West Forty-second Street, New York 18, N. Y.* A survey of modern home life, offering the thesis that this century's greatest advances lie in its probing of human relationships and its increased under-

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standing of the child. The influences of home and school upon the child are weighed, pointing to a need for greater cooperation between the two. Written and directed by Morton Parker; photographed by Grant McLean. (31 *min.*)

FUNNY BUSINESS. *Produced by RKO, and distributed by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, see above.* The story behind the comics—how they are drawn, printed, and devoured. (20 *min.*)

HE ACTS HIS AGE. *Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed in this country by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West Forty-second Street, New York 18, N. Y.* First in a series of films entitled "Ages and Stages," Typical development and behavior of the child from infancy to adolescence. Directed by Judith Crawley. (13 *min., color.*)

PALMOUR STREET: A STUDY OF FAMILY LIFE. *Produced by the Southern Educational Film Production Service for the Georgia State Department of Health. Distributed by Health Publications Institute, 216 N. Dawson Street, Raleigh, North Carolina.* Family life and problems in a Southern Negro community. Written by George Stoney; directed by Bill Clifford and George Stoney. (26 *min.*)

PREFACE TO A LIFE. *Produced by Sun Dial Films for the National Institute of Mental Health. Distributed by Castle Division of United World Films, 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29, N. Y.* A story showing how two parents' wishful dreams might have influenced their child's development. Written and directed by William Resnick. (29 *min.*)

Animal Life

BIOGRAPHY OF A FISH. *Distributed by Sterling Films, 316 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York 19, N. Y.* The strange story of the stickleback and his odd mating habits. (10 *min.*)

CALLER HERRIN'. *Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.* The British herring industry and its many ramifications, interestingly developed in the British documentary style. (17 *min.*)

HILL SHEEP FARM. *Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, see above.* An extraordinary account of sheep-raising in the highlands of Scotland. (20 *min.*)

THE SEA HUNT. *Produced and distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.* Underwater divers off the coast of Corsica explore unknown worlds beneath the sea. (20 *min.*)

THE STORY OF THE BEES. *Distributed by United World Films, 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29, N. Y.* Taken from Russian footage, this film shows the life cycle of the bee and describes the work of each member of the hive. One of the most unusual and exciting nature films ever made. (16 *min.*)

Miscellaneous

AI-YE (MANKIND). *Produced by Ian Hugo. Distributed by Brandon Films, 1700 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.* An impressionistic documentary photographed in the Pacific Coast area of South America, with an original musical accompaniment of chanting and drumbeats by Osborne Smith. (30 *min., color*)

DOWN TO THE SEA. *Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.* The story of a British ship from a design on paper to its maiden voyage; handsomely photographed. (23 *min.*)

FDR—HYDE PARK. *Produced by Maynard Gertler and Julian Roffman; directed and photographed by Julian Roffman; script by Ben Kerner; original score by Irving Landau. Distributed by Official Films, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York 19, N. Y.* A personalized and thoughtful tour of the home of Franklin Roosevelt. (16 *min.*)

HIGHWAY MANIA. *Produced by RKO, and distributed by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West Forty-second Street, New York 18, N. Y.* An hilarious study of our traffic problems, and problem drivers. (20 *min.*)

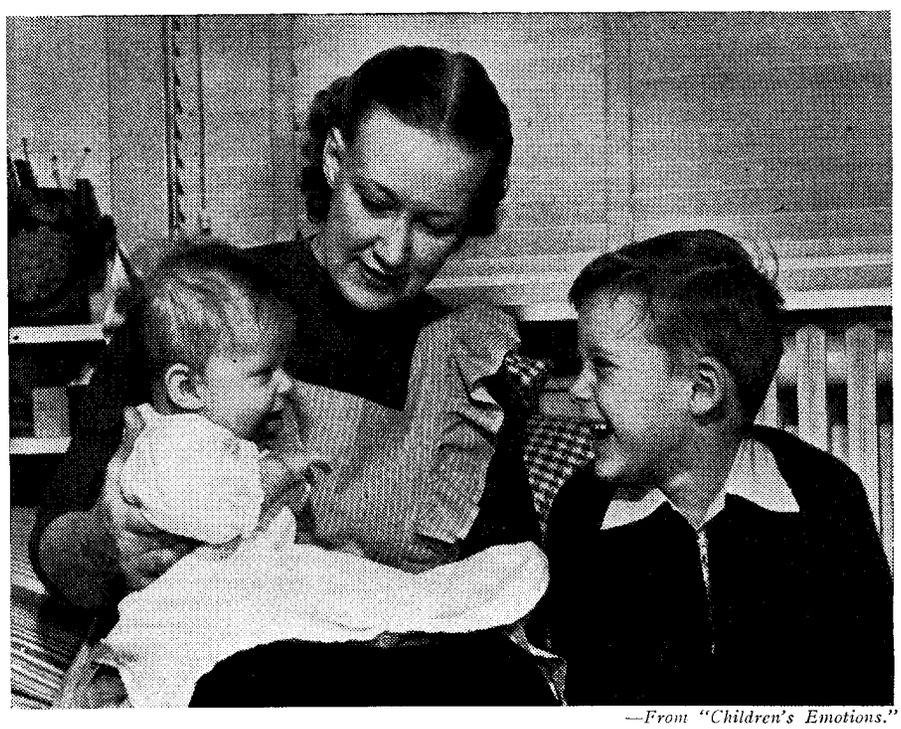
KENJI COMES HOME. *Produced by the Protestant Film Commission, and distributed by the Religious Film Association, 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y.* How one man found help from the Missionary Education Movement in postwar Japan. (35 *min.*)

WAVERLY STEPS. *Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.* A semi-poetic, semi-comic picture of life in Edinburgh from a Sunday morning to Monday night. (32 *min.*)

WORTH THE RISK? *Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, see above.* An incredibly funny and brutal film about driver-pedestrian relations. (10 *min.*)

YOUR VOICE. *Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.* An interesting technical explanation of the human vocal apparatus, for teaching purposes. (10 *min.*)

That's quite a number of films to see if you're interested. Some of them will get more specific attention in the columns of THE FILM FORUM in future weeks. But meanwhile this brings us pretty much up to date, and we can face the new year with the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done. —CECILE STARR.



—From "Children's Emotions."

"Normal developmental patterns . . . in everyday situations."

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THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What do we want with an old wooden horse, anyway? If they *really* want to make us happy, why don't they give us all subscriptions to the Saturday Review?"

What the Trojans expected and what they finally got were two entirely different things. Not so with your friends, however—if you remember them with SATURDAY REVIEW subscriptions this Christmas!

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PERSONALS

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Confederate army officer who lost to Grant at Vicksburg.	91 20 2 137 6 142 85 27
B. Opposed to ad libitum (music).	180 59 23 19 153 172 69 15 125
C. Agglutinative language of remarkable phonetic and grammatical development (S. Africa).	71 175 11 63 99 74 105 43 134
D. American chemist co-winner in 1946 of Nobel Prize (1891-).	170 9 146 114 55 181 163 159
E. Prevention; stoppage; prohibition.	3 104 54 26 98 144 22 87
F. Answered, as defendant to plaintiff's replication (law).	100 30 102 64 129 44 121 165
G. Renewed (wine) by mixing with must and reviving fermentation.	184 1 86 108 139 145 28
H. South American spotted cats, similar to ocelots but with longer tails.	138 37 49 110 95 166 80 42
I. Athenian orator and rhetorician, founder of Athenian school with famous pupils.	133 141 92 126 41 147 70 116 123
J. Silent; quiet.	17 97 58 158 89 168 183 117 149
K. French army officer who forged the chief evidence against Dreyfus.	56 107 79 24 122 115 101 130 93

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. American historian, esp. on Netherlands; voted into Hall of Fame, 1910.	4 174 161 57 131 25
M. Anacruses (prosody).	33 39 36 155 16 94 83
N. Examined critically or minutely.	14 7 113 75 35 132
O. Russian poet essayist, influential philologist (1866-1945).	18 124 106 157 140 154
P. King of the Franks, 768-814; emperor of the West, 800-814; patron of literature, etc.	8 84 127 151 173 162 29 45 120 67 61
Q. Middle name, writer in Word O.	156 21 169 81 143 152 51 72 111
R. Opera by Bellini, 1831.	119 73 60 176 31
S. Small-sized plates (ceramics).	77 150 50 164 160 90 32
T. First name, current famous young violinist.	48 76 135 103 82 182
U. Members of workman bands in England who tried by violence to prevent use of labor-saving devices, 1811-16.	46 109 171 53 112 38 68 178
V. Broke in upon.	136 52 179 66 12 34 5 78 62 40 88
W. A young mare.	10 13 167 128 177
X. Satan (Arab religion).	96 65 47 118 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 G	2 A	3 E	■	4 L	5 V	6 A	7 N	8 P	■						
9 D	10 W	■	11 C	12 V	13 W	14 N	15 B	16 M	17 J	■	18 O	■	19 B	20 A	21 Q	22 E								
■	23 B	24 K	25 L	26 E	27 A	28 G	■	29 P	30 F	31 R	32 S	33 M	34 V	35 N	■	36 M								
37 H	38 U	■	39 M	40 V	41 I	42 H	43 C	44 F	45 P	46 U	47 X	48 T	■	49 H	■	50 S								
51 Q	52 V	53 U	■	54 E	55 D	56 K	■	57 L	58 J	59 B	60 R	61 P	62 V	63 C	64 F	■								
65 X	66 V	67 P	68 U	69 B	70 I	71 C	■	72 Q	73 R	74 C	75 N	76 T	77 S	78 V	79 K	■								
80 H	81 Q	82 T	■	83 M	84 P	85 A	86 G	87 E	88 V	■	89 J	90 S	91 A	92 I	93 K	■								
94 M	95 H	96 X	■	97 J	98 E	99 C	100 F	101 K	■	102 F	103 T	104 E	105 C	■	106 O	107 K								
■	108 G	109 U	110 H	111 Q	■	112 U	113 N	■	114 D	115 K	116 I	■	117 J	118 X	119 R	120 P								
121 F	122 K	123 I	■	124 O	125 B	126 I	127 P	128 W	129 F	130 K	131 L	132 N	■	133 I	■	134 C								
135 T	136 V	137 A	138 H	■	139 G	140 O	141 I	142 A	■	143 Q	144 E	145 G	146 D	147 I	148 X	■								
149 J	150 S	151 P	152 Q	153 B	154 O	155 M	■	156 Q	157 O	■	158 J	159 D	160 S	161 L	162 P	■								
163 D	164 S	■	165 F	166 H	167 W	168 J	■	169 Q	170 D	171 U	■	172 B	173 P	174 L	175 C	176 R								
177 W	■	178 U	179 V	180 B	181 D	182 T	183 J	184 G	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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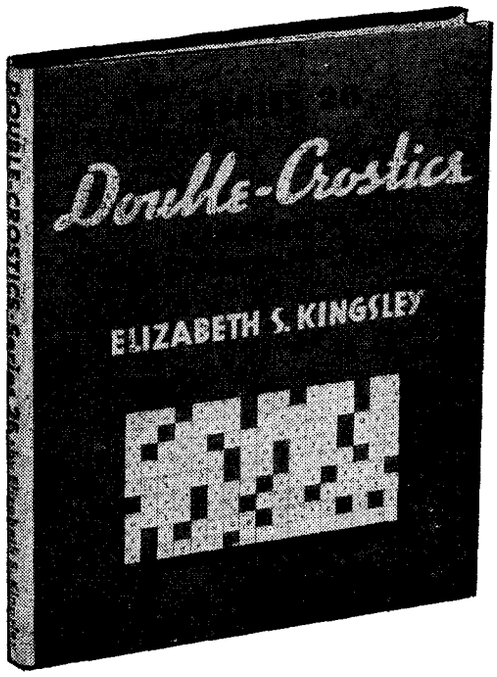

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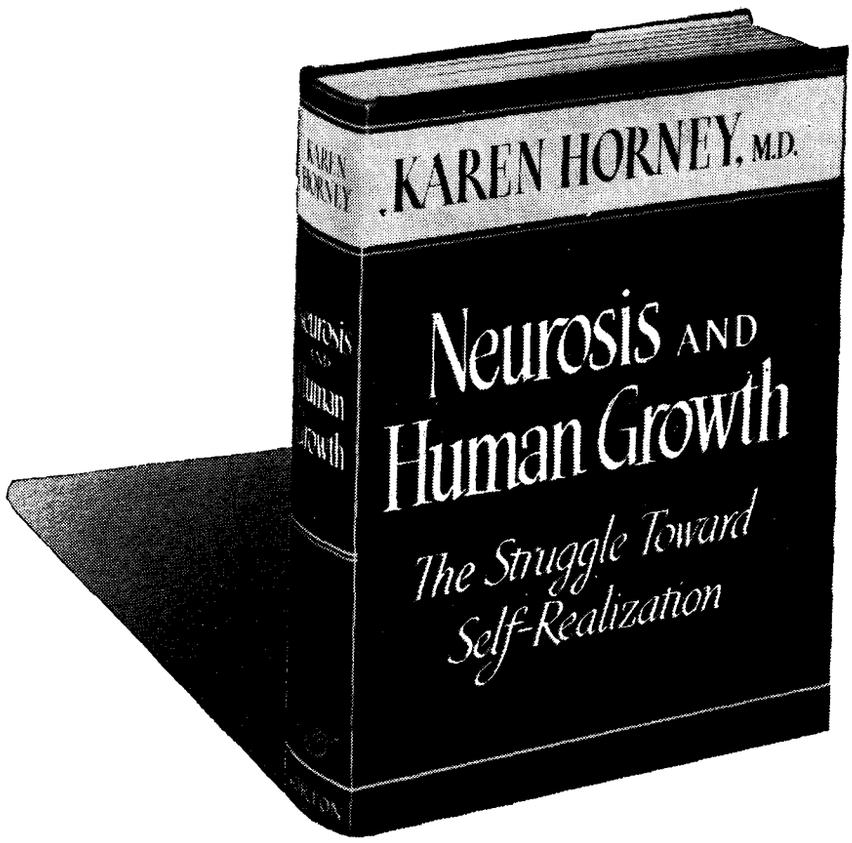

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